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THE NEW YEAR.

BY P. H. D.

Another milestone on the road of time,
Is passed, as on we stray,
Unto the future with its hopes and fears,
This holy "New Year's Day."

An old truth says, that surely as we sow
We'll reap what thence may grow:
Sow good, and smiles will spring up all around—
Sow vice—the harvest's woe.

No time is like the present then to start
A new and changed career—
At this same moment that brings into birth
The fateful, unknown year.

For it may hap, as good or evil shines
This year upon our way—
So may we gain or lose the golden light
Of God's eternal day.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

The Tale of a Transparent Mystery.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

PROLOGUE.—*The Four Quarters of the Globe.*

CHAPTER I.

A SCENE IN ASIA.

"HERE, Judy, quick, come here!"

There was a low, rustling noise on the other side of an Indian grass-screen. This was pressed back, and what may be described as twofold sunshine illuminated the darkened room in General Sir Robert Fanshaw's bungalow, where well-saturated mats shut out the light and admitted the cooled and moistened air.

The sunshine was of two kinds, solar and human; and when the young girl who had made the rustling noise let fall the lightly-woven mat, the solar sunshine was cut off, but the human remained.

A fanciful way of describing the bright aspect of Judith Nesbitt; but no better way suggests itself for verbally painting a very fair girl in white, whose pure skin was untouched by the scorching sun of Malaypore, whose large, grey eyes seemed to flash, and whose long, wonderfully delicate hair absolutely glittered, as if it were so much native silk—pale golden—just spun from a pile of cocoons, and delicate enough to have made her face insipid but for the dark brows and lashes, and the animated eagerness her features possessed.

"What is the matter, uncle?"

"A letter — news — Harry married — phew!"

The ruddy, bronzed old officer, whose short, silvery hair stood up fiercely all over his head, drew out a red handkerchief and excitedly dabbed his face as he passed the letter to the girl, who caught it from him, stared at it, and then her curved lips parted to give utterance to the one interjection: "O!"

"Ah! I should think it is 'O!' Judy. Who'd have thought it? Ha! ha! ha! An old rascal! I say hasn't he taste?"

"But, uncle, dear," came from the pouted lips, "it seems so strange. Alice is only twenty one, and Uncle Harry——"

"Fifty-four, same as I am."

"It's so shocking!"

"Shocking be hanged, you jade! By capsicum and curry! Harry's right. The pretty witch! I'll do the same directly we get back."

"Uncle!"

"I will. Why not? Harry has. *That!* What a pretty wife!"

He made the peculiar smacking noise of the tongue indicative of having tasted something good, and laughed.

"It seems impossible," said the girl, half to herself, as she stood with the unperused letter in her hand.

"What, for me to get married? By George! I'll look out the prettiest lass—in London, and—bah!——"

Sir Robert Fanshaw's speech came to a sudden end, for the girl ran behind him and laid her soft little hand upon his mouth where it lay half-covered by the fringe of the old officer's heavy moustache.

"Don't talk nonsense uncle, dear. I'm sure you would not do such a thing."

"Not do such a thing!" he cried, lifting the little hand which remained ready to close his lips should he say anything obnoxious, while a union of silver and gold took place as the girl laid her head upon his fierce grey locks.

"No, uncle, dear, I'm sure you would not."

"I'm sure I would. I should like just such a girl as Alice."

"Nonsense!"

"Sense!"

"It isn't."

"Tut! What's to become of me when you're married and gone?"

"When I'm married and gone! How absurd, dear?"

"Take—away—that—hand. I want to talk. There, now, it's a nuisance. Yes, when you're gone. I shall wait till I've got you off my hands, and then I shall—ha! ha! ha!—marry the—will you keep that hand away?"

"I will not have you talk such nonsense, uncle, when there's so serious a matter to discuss."

"Well, there: keep your hand away and I'll talk. You haven't read the letter yet."

"No, uncle dear. I was so taken by surprise."

"So was I; but what does it matter? Your Uncle Harry is as fine a fellow as ever stepped."

"Dear Uncle Harry! How I shall like to see him again!"

"And little Alice must have grown into as sweet a woman as a man could wish to have."

"Yes. She was very beautiful four years ago."

"And is now, of course. Well, Harry—your uncle—says he is lonely. Alice seemed everything to him, and he married her. But it's to make no difference. They're going on the Continent for a month, and will be back in time to meet us. God bless them! I hope they'll be very happy."

"So do I, uncle dear," said the girl. "I felt surprised at first, but that has all gone now. But how droll it seems: Alice, Lady Fanshaw!"

"And when I marry there'll be two Lady Fanshaws."

"Yes, uncle, dear, when you marry!" said the girl, archly.

"Ah! you may laugh, Judy, but your Uncle Harry has settled it all for you."

"For me, uncle?"

"Yes, he says George Carleigh's regiment is ordered home from the Cape, that he has got his promotion, and that nothing would please him better than to see a match between you two. What do you think of that?"

Judith Nesbitt leaned more over her uncle's shoulder, and looked right in his face, with the color suffusing her own.

"What do you think of it uncle?"

"What do I think? Well, I don't know. George Carleigh will be well off. Fine, handsome young fellow. Always was. Your uncle has treated him like a son, and ——"

"You don't want me to marry Captain Carleigh, uncle?"

"Well, I never said I did. I'd sooner see you take to that young Yankee chap who was here touring. I rather liked him, and hallo! I say! Ah, Judy! Judy!"

The soft little hand was laid upon the old officer's lips again as the girl, whose cheeks had taken a deeper tint, laid one of them upon the crisp, silvery hair, and then said quietly—

"I thought Mr. Range——"

"Arthur Lincoln Range; give him the full range my dear."

"I thought him very nice and frank and gen——manly."

"Eh, what's that? You were going to say gentlemanly?"

"Yes, uncle, dear, and stopped myself; but I ought not to have done so. He wanted polish, but I think he was a thorough gentleman at heart."

"I'm sure he was, Judy," said Sir Robert warmly. "And, I say, he's tremendously rich."

"I should never marry a man for his money, uncle; and what nonsense we are talking. We may never see Mr. Range again."

"I'm not so sure about it, my dear. I think he was a bit taken with you."

"Oh, nonsense, uncle! Why should you think that?"

"Because I felt so confoundedly jealous of the fellow."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Judith laughed a pleasant, silvery little laugh, and both her arms tightly embraced the old officer's neck.

"What are you grinning at you puss?"

"You said you wanted to be rid of me and get married, uncle; and, without thinking, you let it escape you that you and I are never going to part. There, I won't hear another word. Just as if it were likely that either you or I should ever marry."

"Ah, well, my darling," said the old gentleman, drawing the girl to his breast, and kissing her tenderly, "heaven only knows what is to come. I can't live very much longer."

"Uncle! dear uncle!"

"And when the dispatch comes I should not dislike to see you the wife of some true man who loved you, and was as proud of you as your foolish old uncle has been."

There was a kiss here.

"No, my darling, I shall never marry, and I don't want to lose you. Harry, God bless him, I hope he'll be very happy with his young wife. Harry means well, but I—I never quite took to George Carleigh. I shouldn't stand in your way if you wanted him; but there, there, we won't begin discussing that. I'm not glad Harry is married: I'm not sorry. Perhaps it's right, for he had no bonnie little flat-haired lassie to abuse and bully and growl at when his liver was queer; and his must have been a solitary life."

"Yes, uncle, of course; and Alice always was a dear good girl."

"Not so pretty as my pet," said Sir Robert.

"Oh, uncle, what nonsense! Why, Alice has beautiful features."

"Let her have 'em. You'll do for me. There, the murder's out. I'm surprised, but I don't see why I should be; and, as Harry says, it won't make any difference."

"And you'll go straight down to Holmthorpe when we reach England?"

"Straight, my dear, and—er—you'll—I say; I know what you women are."

"Why, uncle, you said only yesterday that you never could understand women."

"Did I? Well! I'm a day older now, and know better. I say I know what you women are. No snubbing pretty Alice for marrying her old guardian, Judy."

"What, I, uncle dear? Oh, absurd! I love Alice too well. The news did come as a shock, but I'm going to my room to write her a long, long letter of congratulation."

"What, hot as it is?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Ah, well, it's too hot for me to write. Man and his wife are one flesh, so if you write to Alice you will be writing to your uncle too. Say everything nice you can think of. Tell him we shall be home within two months, and—I'll add a little postscript. Now give me a light for my cigar, and I'm going to have a nap."

Pretty Judith Nesbitt lit the cigar and then tripped off, looking rather flushed and excited; while, after drawing at the roll of herb for a few minutes, the old General, who had served his country long enough in the East, and who for the past four years had been Governor of Malaypore, dropped asleep, to dream of his brother's beautiful seat in distant Yorkshire, reaching mentally, in moments, the green park and game-haunted woods, where a few weeks hence he hoped to be.

* * * * * *

A SCENE IN AFRICA.

"The old idiot! The weak, contemptible old idiot!"

There was a hasty walk up and down the lightly furnished room in the officers' quarters at Cape Town.

A letter held in the speaker's hand was crumpled up, and his high, sun-browned forehead was contracted into endless wrinkles and puckers.

He stopped short unconsciously before the little looking-glass, and an angry, evil-looking face was reflected therein, though he saw it not.

"And you, madam! Is this the end of our pleasant walks—of our sighs—of my—oh! it makes me half mad."

He turned round sharply, took another pace or two up and down the room, and threw himself into a long folding chair.

There he began smoothing out upon his knee the crumpled India paper, and, as if the action of his hand was reflected in his face, his brow grew also smoother, and the wrinkles disappeared from about his eyes and the corners of his mouth.

The result was that as he finished his task and lay back lighting a cigar, previous to settling himself down to re-read the letter, there was an altered face above that broad, deep chest, and a totally different look in his dark eyes.

Then there was a half-sneering laugh and the young man went on smoking for a few minutes.

"Just as she likes," he said, mockingly. "Just as she likes. I suppose there was nothing between us—perhaps never would have been; but it does touch a fellow's *amour propre* for a girl to give the preference to that old man."

He smoked on in silence, looking straight before him out of the open window at the clear blue African sky and glaring sunshine but seeing only the far-off English home where he had spent his boyhood, and the intervals when not engaged in study for his profession; and as he sat back there, with the thin paper covered with close near writing spread upon one knee, the soft breeze that came through the open window lifted one corner of the paper now and then, and ended by wafting it on to the floor, interrupting the flow of the thinker's day-dream and making him rise with a sigh to recover the missive that had reached him by the morning's mail.

"Ah, well," he muttered, "let's see what the old boy says. Perhaps I can read it more coolly now."

He went on reading slowly, with his eyes half closed, and from time to time muttered scraps aloud in a hasty comment jerked out half spitefully; but his face retained its calm.

"Glad I'm ordered home. Always to look upon it as home. Alice been my companion for so many years—[Might have known it would come to it—a jilt.] Position of both so lonely—come straight home my dear boy—shall have returned from Continent—[Straight home—home? Never

darken his door again.] Alice tells me to send her kindest love—[Pish! The jilt—the miserable flirt!]—says you will be surprised at the news—[I was. No, I was not. Just like such woman.] She shall welcome the hero home from the wars, and we will have plenty of of music—says she will sing the old ditty, 'Rest, Warrior, Rest,'—[That's a sneer—a cursed, spiteful sneer.] Find Helmthorpe the same old place; your rooms always ready—[Humph! If I go. I don't know that I shall not, if only to make her uncomfortable. What's this about Sir Robert?] Coming home at once—ceases to be Governor at Malaypore—of course, Judith Nesbitt with him—must renew your acquaintance with her—sweet girl—[Bah! milk-and-water chit!] Good opportunity being together in the house—time you stirred—some young American been making trip round the world—stayed with the Governor—speaks of him a good deal. Come straight here, my dear boy. Always your affectionate guardian—[Humph!]"

George Carleigh, captain in Her Majesty's Xth Regiment of Foot, found that his cigar was out, so he lit a wax match, but instead of applying it to the end of the roll of leaf, he slowly crumpled the letter, lit that, and used it to ignite the cigar, holding it afterwards on the point of a steel pen, till nothing but a scrap of tinder was left, and this he tossed contemptuously away.

"The old rascal!" he muttered. "Takes that step in my absence—knows I shall be put out, so he holds out Judith Nesbitt to me as a sweet sop to keep me quiet. Bah! how is it possible that old men can be such fools!"

The unpleasant, evil look came back into the young officer's face as he sat thinking.

"Will not make any difference," he muttered, quoting once more from the letter. "That remains to be seen. It is like a break up of the old home—where I had my own way—where it always seemed that I was to be master—and Alice might have been mistress, but in a different way. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

He burst into a loud, harsh laugh that possessed in its tones no more mirth than some wild shriek of pain; and then, once more, he began to pace the barely-furnished room.

"Some young American, eh? Who is he? Some confounded Yankee tradesman who has made dollars by 'striking ile,' I suppose and who says, 'I reckon,' and 'I guess,' and 'you bet,' with a confounded drawl! Curse them! How I do hate Yankees!"

He bit a piece off the end of his cigar and spat it from him violously.

"The old man thinks he means Judith! Bah! what a name to give a girl! One hour she would be always suggesting that her husband's name ought to be Punch; another time, when one had the blues, that she was going to get up in the night, take one's sword, and cut off a fellow's head. No, hang it all, I wouldn't marry Judy Nesbitt! I don't know, though. She promised to be pretty, like a strawberry ice-cream, and she'll have all old Sir Robert's money. He won't marry. I've got to think about Helmsthorpe now, and the changed state of affairs."

He smoked furiously again for a few minutes, and once more his face puckered up in an extremely unpleasant way.

"Won't make any difference to me! Pah! Poor old Helmthorpe! No more waltzes with pretty Alice. It must be Judith now. Next thing will be an alteration in the dear old house—men putting up green-baize doors in the large south room—the nursery; and there will be a perambulator on the lawn. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

As he finished his harsh discordant laugh there was a hasty step in the corridor, the clink of a sabre scabbard on the floor, a sharp rap at the door, and a slight, merry-looking young officer, in undress uniform, rushed into the room in the most unceremonious manner and glanced sharply round.

"Hallo! Has he gone?"

"Has who gone?" said Carleigh, very roughly.

"Him. You know. I heard a burst of demoniacal stage laughter as I came along the passage, I say, Carleigh, old man, what's up?"

"Don't be a fool!"

"Can't help it," was the good-humored reply. "But hurrah, old man! we've got the route. The big 'Donald Currie' puts in here next week, and, hurra! we're homeward bound!"

"Next week—so soon?"

"Yes—next week. Ta, ta! I must tell the others."

"Next week!" said George Carleigh, as he stood alone in his bare quarters. "Home—make no difference—well we shall see."

CHAPTER II.

A SCENE IN AMERICA.

"WELL, good-bye, boy. S'pose you'll write?"

"Oh, yes! Sometimes. Not often. You won't answer my letters if I do."

The first speaker chuckled or laughed in a harsh, dry way, like a hilarious cricket.

"I wrote to you last year from the Cape, from Ceylon, from Malaypore, from Canton, and from Yokohama, and I never had a line."

"Not a single line, boy."

"Then what's the use of my writing?"

"S'pose you're ill."

"Oh, I shan't be ill. I shall take care of myself."

"You really mean to go, then?"

"Looks like it. I must alter my mind pretty quickly if I don't."

"Well, alter it. Stop at home."

"No; I shall go. Last year's trip did me no end of good."

"Did it?"

"Yes; knocked the conceit out of me; showed me that there's something else to live for besides dollars, and that there's something for a young fellow to learn."

"Well, you've got the chance. I hadn't when I was your age. Too old to care about learning much now."

"Nonsense! Come!"

"No, boy, no. I'll work and see that all goes right for you."

"Don't fidget about me if you get no news for a long time."

"Taint likely."

Here there was a pause, and the elder speaker added—

"Shall you bring back a wife?"

There was a shake of the head.

"No."

"Not the Malay gal you saw at the Governor's?"

"Nonsense! She was an English lady."

"Well, you had better look out, my boy. As soon as those European dowagers find what a strong smell of coin there is about you they'll begin to fish. Mind you're not caught. Why, boy, you might marry a Jurinan princess if you liked."

"Yes, but I don't like. Look here, uncle I mean to have a regular round, and see if I can't pick up some polish. I shall see Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Berlin, Switzerland, Rome and London. I shall do the lakes and mountains, and learn all I can. When I'm tired I shall come back."

The elder of the two speakers made a half turn as if to go.

"Right," he said. "Well, take care of yourself."

"I'll try."

"All your traps aboard?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

There was a quick look and a sharp nod passed, and the pair walked towards the gangway of the great American liner, when, as if seized by an idea the elder exclaimed— "Say, lad."

"Well?"

"As you are going to England, just as it is the old country, and because of what it has done, I'd see Boston Stump."

"All right; and Franklin's printing office, and all the rest."

"But mind Boston Stump."

"Right."

The elder man screwed up his yellow face and knit his brows for a few seconds; and the younger was all attention, for he knew something else was coming.

"Look here, boy, letter-writing's a nuisance, and postage comes dear. Sometimes letters get lost; sometimes they're drowned. You needn't bother to write."

"I will not."

"I shall expect to see you back within a year, and if you don't turn up then, I shall come and look for you."

"I wish you would."

"There ain't nothing likely to happen to you, is there?"

"Happen? No. If I could go all round the world safely, surely I can run over to Europe and back."

"I dunno so much about that. Joe Garstin drove the express wagon for forty years right across the 'perarer,' and never came to harm. One day he thought he'd ride Franklin B. Reek's pony to Concord and back, eight mile, and he come off and broke his neck."

"I hope I shall have better luck, uncle."

"So do I. Well, if I don't hear of you by this time next year, I shall come after you."

"That's right. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

They parted at the gangway, and as the elder man stepped ashore, he said to himself—

"Dessay he'll be all right. They'll be sharp ones who get over Arthur Lincoln Range."

At the same time the younger was saying—

"The old fellow needn't be afraid; he has ground me up too sharp. Well, I'm glad I'm going; it pays me if only by showing me a bit of the old boy's other side. I didn't think he cared for me so much."

The deck of the great steamship was crowded with passengers and their friends, with luggage, porters, and the busy crew, while scores of people with and without business helped to cumber the way.

Of these, there were two standing together apparently as ordinary spectators of the busy scene, but really very watchful of what was going on.

One was a tall, blunt, fresh-countenanced, clerical gentleman of about forty, in spotless black, his great brown beard almost entirely hiding his white cravat and cassock vest.

The other was a sharp, keen, intelligent man of about the same age, equally well dressed, and incessantly fidgeting a thin umbrella about in his black-gloved hands. He looked like a doctor or a lawyer, probably the latter, for his upper lip and chin were closely shaven as if out of deference to clients of a conservative nature, though at the next glance you might have said, "He is a doctor. Those whiskers have the genuine medical cut."

They were watching the two speakers intently, for the medical-looking man had just said—

"Now look here, Shell, are you sure you're right? We've no money to fool away."

"Right? Of course I am. That's old Wash Range—that tall, gaunt, yellow-faced old chap with not a bit of hair on his phiz—there, just by the sky-light."

"Ye—es. I see the man you mean."

"And that's his nephew, Arthur Lincoln Range, that well-built, good-looking young fellow with the dandy moustache."

"What, that fair fellow with the close curly hair, in the brownish tweeds?"

"That's the lad."

"But are you sure?"

"I tell you I've seen the passenger list. There's his name down in full, passenger to Queenstown, Ireland."

"But that proves nothing."

"Proves nothing? Why, it proves that he has taken his passage. And I tell you I'm sure that's our man."

"But suppose it isn't our man?"

"But it is. And if it were not, there's his name down as passenger, and he is sure to be aboard."

"Ah, that's it! Perhaps he isn't. A fellow like that, with millions upon of dollars, would think nothing of forfeiting a trifle or passage-money. He'd be as whimsical as a girl. They say he is."

"So should I be, if I had a copper-mine of my own."

"Suppose, then, we take all our steps, sink no end of capital, and find that at the last moment he did not go?"

"Would be awkward, Nathan. But I tell you I'm sure. I've watched carefully, and I know."

"But you might make a mistake, Shell, and it would be such a waste of time and money."

"And of a great chance, too, Nathan the careful. Well, look here!"

He turned sharply to one of the officers.

"Can you tell me whether that fair, good-looking young Englishman is Mr. Edwins, the actor?"

"What, that, sir?—that gentleman in brown, talking to the smooth-faced, gaunt old man?"

"Yes—that is he, is it not?"

"Oh, dear, no! That is Mr. Arthur Lincoln Range, of Red Creek Capper Lode—one of the richest men in the States, sir. The old chap he is talking to is old Washington Range. Poor prospector once after gold, and dropped by accident on the copper."

"Copper, eh?"

"Yes, sir, looking for gold with his mate, and found the copper in an out-of-the-way rocky gulch, just when they were about worn out and starving. Mate said it might do for Range, but wouldn't do for him. He wanted gold in five-dollar pieces, and not cents. Old Range said he'd be content with cents, and he should take the claim; and he did. He made an immense fortune out of it, and turned it over to his nephew, who has made two. Old man don't look worth a cent, does he? Right! Here boys!"

The officer turned away rapidly to give some orders, and the clerical and medical-looking men exchanged glances.

"Hah!" said the former, "he looks as keen as a razor. I'm glad he's not going too."

"Why?"

"Because I've my doubts about him. When you've been, as they call it, making war upon society for a few years, Nathan, you get to understand your adversaries' lence, and there are some people with whom you don't care to engage."

"You think, then, if he had been going we should fail."

"Fail! no. What does that fellow say in Richelieu about the lexicon, you know?"

"What, the dictionary?"

"No, no, no! Something about 'in the lexicon of youth there being no such word as fail.' We'll do it, Nathan; we'll do it!"

"But look here Shell," said the medical man, "I like to be cautious. Jack Pannell's rather too clever sometimes, and Sarah—well, you know what women are! Suppose we get nearly up to success point and then she upsets it all?"

"Have a little more trust in your partners, man. But what are you thinking about, now?"

"Wouldn't it be better to fight on our own ground here at home, instead of giving battle in a foreign land where everything is strange?"

"Fight what? Fight whom?"

"The old boy, yonder. He's as good game as the young one. Isn't it worth the trial? There'd be no crossing the seas then; no laying out a lot of capital before we got any return."

"Pish, man, don't be so sordid and so cowardly. Don't I tell you that this golden boy shall pay all our costs for us, and give us what we want. Have you no confidence in my plans?"

"Oh, yes, plenty; but if we could crack this old fellow going on a wild-goose chase to Europe——"

"But the risk, man—the risk of the foreign police."

"Now, my dear Nathan, why all these obstacles at five minutes before the twelfth hour? If we have no more brains than a set of fellows who are paid five dollars or a pound a week, we had better give up, and not fire at either short range or long range; but I think we have more."

"Yes, yes, of course; but I don't like losing money."

"You shall not lose money. Have a little faith in me."

"Yes, Shell, I have. But ought we to be quite satisfied now? It is a great risk."

"Satisfied? Yes. That's the pair. Don't look as if they could buy up half a State, do they?"

"No," said the other, with a curious smile; "and it don't seem right that one man should hold so much, does it? But if we are satisfied, don't let's lose our chance. Now, then, what's next?"

"Next?" said the clerical-looking man, in a low firm voice. "Next? Just this. We'll keep him in sight till we are obliged to go ashore. We shall know then that he has sailed. Then there is the telegraph."

"Ah! but the cost?"

"Cost! Bah! What are twenty or thirty pounds if they are the seeds to grow into thousands? Hang it, Nathan, have some pluck!"

"Yes, I will; but—well, well, go on."

"We telegraph to Jack Pannell and the idol fair to be on the look-out."

"But a letter would do it better."

"A letter, man? Nonsense! we must play high. The stakes are princely. We telegraph at once. Jack Pannell will be on the look-out and begin the game. We follow in the next boat."

"And see that Pannell does it all right. Help him you know."

"Nathan Mewburn," said the clerical-looking man, standing with his eyes fixed upon the young millionaire talking in happy ignorance to his dry old relative a few yards away—"Nathan Mewburn, we are a party of four in this great spec. I'm going to be captain here, and you've got to obey."

"But, Shell,"

"To obey, I say," repeated the clerical-looking man in a deep, fierce voice, though his face was unruffled and bland. "Do you hear? I say obey, or as sure as my name's Mark Sheldrake I'll——"

"Hist! someone will hear you," whispered Mewburn, with a scared look round.

Just then the safety valves which had been angrily snorting for some time began to give forth a piercing, continuous scream, a bell clanged loudly, and a stentorian voice roared out—

"Now then all for the shore!"

CHAPTER III.

A SCENE IN EUROPE.

"WHO are those people waiter?"

The white-aproned attendant gave his napkin a whisk, as if removing dust, and turned an inquiring look upon the dapper little French gentleman who was looking at him over the top of the *Figaro*, which he held so as to screen himself.

"Those people, sir?"

"Yes; the gentleman and lady—the foreigners at breakfast?"

"Ah, yes! I comprehend, sir. Those are people greatly distinguished. The gentleman is the Baron von Stuttonfels, and the lady the Baroness—friends of that great enemy of our nation, Boccamarque."

"No, no not those gross Dutch. The others—the tall, stout, fair man, and the fashionably-dressed lady."

"Ahat I comprehend. Monsieur means les Americans. They breakfast here each morning. They stay at the Hotel Bristol. A rich American gentleman, they say, and his sister."

"Sister?"

"Ah, yes! But my faith, I cannot tell. The people American when they travel are so droll. Monsieur breakfasts here?"

"Yes."

The waiter took his orders and departed, leaving the dapper little Frenchman, whose get-up and red ribbon suggested that he was, or believed himself to be, a man of some importance, sat ostensibly reading the French journal, but really watching the couple concerning whom he had been catechising the waiter.

The couple in question were evidently making a hearty meal, of the kind that the French call breakfast, but which, as it is eaten at noon, our unfashionable fathers would have called dinner.

The lady, a fine, handsome-looking woman of any age between twenty-five and thirty-five, was extravagantly dressed in the height of fashion.

The gentleman—a fine, fair, stalwart-looking fellow, who was more English than American of aspect—was evidently very hungry, but at the same time mentally exercised for fear anything should happen to his beard.

For while he had his fair crisp hair cut quite short about the temples—a fashion that his broad brow and good, manly, frank countenance favored—his beard, which was of a deep golden brown, had been allowed to grow to a tremendous length, and to the care of this it was evident that he gave a good deal of his mind.

Early in the meal, a drop of the thick unctuous soup fell amongst the crisp strands and had to be very carefully removed.

Later on, a little of the good claret he was drinking dripped from the overfilled glass, and, to the owner's great disgust, moistened his favorite growth; while soon after a flippant, pale brown scrap of crust flew from the yard-long loaf of French bread as a section was being cut off, darted into the beard, which it treated as a labyrinth, and dodged about here and there for some moments before it could be hunted out.

"I wish you would think a little more about business and not so much about your beard, Jack," said the lady, impatiently, after watching her companion with a half-contemptuous look. "You're always fooling about with it, you are indeed."

"Am I? Who took two hours to dress this morning?"

"I'm obliged to pay attention to my toilette, am I not?"

"Don't bother. Have another of these cutlets, they're first rate."

"No, no! Now about this telegraph?"

"Hang the telegraph! I'm at breakfast. One thing at a time. I wonder what there is in this sauce. It's prime."

"Pish! What a glutton you do get! Now tell me what's to be done first?"

"Finish breakfast and then I'll talk."

"About our plans?"

"No; I'm going to have a chat with the little coun'. He's sitting scowling there behind the *Figaro*. He's hipped about what he lost last night. I must give him his revenge."

"You must do nothing of the kind, Jack, but begin settling the campaign."

"Plenty of time. He can't be here yet for eight or nine days. I wish you wouldn't bother so. An engine won't work without coal."

"Tut—tut—tut! But tell me, what sort of a fellow is he?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the gourmand. "Yes I do. Young, good-looking, green; thinks himself a Solomon. Don't bother girl. There'll be no difficulty about it. We shall know directly he comes."

The lady darted an impatient look at her companion from her bold, handsome eyes, and crossing her hands in her lap sat back in her chair writing till the meal was at an end, and then uttered a sigh of comment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Poor Joe.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

IT was a favorite jest, upon old Farmer Brinton's farm, to call Joe Ellison Susy's admirer.

Susy, when she heard the half-taunting joke, only smiled softly, and at their next meeting gave Joe a kinder word or sweeter smile.

She was the orphaned daughter of a clergyman, whose sole legacy to her had been the best education his own profound learning enabled him to give her.

When she was but a little girl her mother died, and she had been her father's housekeeper, scholar, and companion until her nineteenth birthday, when the Rev. Stephen Coyle was likewise taken from his child to his last long rest.

The good people of his parish, knowing Susy's advantages for study, had put her at the head of the district school, and her old home being the parsonage, she had removed her personal possessions and taken up her abode at Farmer Brinton's, he having for years boarded the schoolmistress.

It was a merry, happy farmer's household where Susy lived.

Julia and Mollie Brinton were strong-armed, blooming damsels, full of coquettish grace, and with loud voices and active habits.

Charlie and James, the sons, were fine specimens of young farmers, and the old man and his wife were kind-hearted, homely country folk.

But the young girl, brought up in her father's study, his companion for years, had developed more mental than physical strength, was shy in manner, reserved in speech, and craved intellectual food entirely out of her power to obtain.

She was slight in figure, with large black eyes, delicate features, a pure, colorless complexion, and masses of nut-brown hair.

The parsonage having always had a servant, Susy's little hands were unspotted by rough work, and beside the rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed Brinton girls, she looked like a little pale nun, her deep mourning contrasting strongly with their gay attire, where all the colors of the rainbow struggled for supremacy.

She had been but a little time in her position as instructress to the youngsters of Brent Hill, when, coming up the road from school late on a summer's afternoon, she heard wailing and groans in one of the cottages, where often before she had heard the same sounds.

"Poor Joe," she whispered.

For she knew a deformed idiot was being beaten by a cruel task-master.

But on that afternoon, as she drew near the cottage, the door suddenly flew open, and the idiot limped howling, and speeding as fast as his infirmities allowed, out at the opening, while following him, a strong, brutal man flourished an immense cart-whip.

The man, swearing, held the whip over the cowering, shrinking lad, but when it fell, it struck, not Joe, but Susy, who bent over him, one arm raised to ward off the blow.

Brute as he was, the half drunken fellow stood aghast when the heavy lash cut across Susy's slender arm and narrow shoulders.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," he said. "I did not see you was in the way."

"How can you," she cried, her pale cheeks crimson with womanly indignation—"how can you, a strong man, strike a poor, trembling boy like that?—a boy whose infirmities should appeal for protection to any man who was not an arrant coward."

"Well, come now, that's pretty strong," said the man.

"Don't I feed him and lodge him for what he does, and ain't I got a right to beat him if he does everything wrong? He don't earn his salt, he don't."

"Don't keep him, then,"

"I think you're right, I won't. Joe, you may go to the mischief, but don't come here again."

So saying, the idiot's tormentor turned on his heel, and re-entered his house, shutting and noisily bolting his door.

Susy stood half terrified at the result of her well-meant interference.

Joe was waif, lame, deformed, idiotic, and she had deprived him of his only refuge.

"Oh, Joe," she said, crying, "I am so sorry. What will you do?"

But Joe was only able to realize that his brutal task-master had ceased to beat him, and that a long, red welt across Susy's hand had fallen there upon its way to his cowering shoulders.

He only pointed to the mark, half crying.

"It was better for me to take it than you," he said, whimpering, "the pretty, white hand.

"Oh, Joe is sorry you got before him. Joe don't mind beating."

All the chivalry in the poor dull brain asserted itself in that speech, for Joe did mind a beating very much.

"You can't stay here in the road all night," said Susy. "Come with me, and I will ask Mr. Brinton to give you a place to sleep."

The good people at the farm looked rather astonished when Susy appeared, followed by the stooping, limping figure of the village idiot.

But the farmer broke into hearty laughter when she told the result of her interference, and begged a shelter for the poor boy.

"Stay here? Of course he can stay here," he said. "We'll find something for the fellow to do.

"But to think of your talking to Bob Carter after that fashion. I'd have given my best cow to see it.

"A little white bantam peeking a mad bull would be nothing to it. And he run off. Well, well! Here, Charlie, show Joe the room over the barn. He can sleep there and he'll soon learn when to come to his meals."

So the idiot found his hard bed on the floor replaced by the cozy barn chamber, his scanty food exchanged for generous plenty, and for blows, kicks, and curses, hard work overtasking his brain, he had kindly words and light labor suited to his comprehension.

And under this treatment he brightened visibly, performing his simple tasks willingly and well.

When winter came, Susy herself altered a suit and overcoat of her father's, to clothe the boy comfortably for the cold weather, and knit him scarf, cap, and mittens.

She never passed him without a word of encouragement and kindness, and in his darkened mind, the fair, sweet face stood for a religion, something to be worshipped, poor Joe's special Providence.

He never forgot the falling of the cruel lash upon her slender figure bent to protect him, and he understood perfectly that Susy's intercession had procured for him his happy, comfortable home.

And his gratitude expressed itself in such offerings as were within his reach.

Bouquets of wild flowers, clusters of delicate ferns he knew she loved, baskets of wild berries or nuts, and an eager offer to lift any obstacle from her path.

The good-natured, jesting country folks called poor Joe Susy's admirer.

But while winter snows were yet upon the ground, there came to Brent Hill a new clergyman, one Cyrus Portman, who had been a pupil of Susy's father, when he was a youth of nineteen, she a child of twelve years.

Having fitted himself for college under the Reverend Stephen Coyle's instructions, he had studied for the pulpit, and having preached in London, had accepted a call to Brent Hill.

It was quite natural that he should seek Susy, and the old servant at the parsonage was warm in her praises.

He was a wealthy man, having inherited a fortune from his father, and he was eager to help the poor in his parish.

Susy, having the children under her control, was able to point out to him many avenues for his charity, and thus added another link to the associations that bound them together.

He was a grave, studious man, refined in taste, and of quiet manner, and he shrank a little from the noisy demonstrations of the country people around him.

It rested him, after a round of calls, or the services of the Sabbath, to talk with Susy, to hear her low, sweet voice, and see her quiet, refined movements.

He heard of the gentle charities she performed whenever he was in the cottages of the very needy, and memory told him what a little household fairy she had been, even when a child.

So, in the winter evening, in the spring walks, he let his heart go out to Susy, and gather her image into its deepest recesses, while she, unconscious of her own secret, felt that there was no happiness so profound as Cyrus brought by his mere presence.

It was a quiet, uneventful courting for six long months.

But it bound two hearts firmly together for life.

And Joe, looking on, understood vaguely that Susy was happy when Cyrus was near—that a service performed for Cyrus pleased Susy as well.

And, as events progressed, he understood that Cyrus would one day take Susy to the parsonage as his wife, and that Susy would be happy then.

All this was firmly rooted in poor Joe's clouded brain, and he knew that trouble to Cyrus would be sore grief also to Susy.

So, with an allegiance that was touching Joe transferred some of his devotion to the young clergyman, and when he was at the farm would mutter often—

"Susy likes him. Joe must be good to him, because Susy likes him."

He was grateful for the kindly words of Cyrus, his many gifts of clothing and money.

But the great claim that he held over Joe was the fact that to please him was to give Susy pleasure.

Summer sunshine was ripening the grain and the berries were in ripest clusters, when Susy had an entire month of leisure for the school holiday, and Cyrus won from her a promise to resign her place and be his wife in September.

Her simple outfit became her daily task, and the Brintons lent willing hands to prepare for the wedding.

Joe was made entirely happy by the promise of a home at the parsonage, and the long summer days seemed too short for the happiness that filled them.

It was nearly two miles from the parsonage to the Brinton farm.

But there were few evenings when Cyrus failed to walk from his home to Susie's, for an hour or two of the sweet companionship he loved.

And his way led him through a lonely stretch of country.

By what instinct Joe knew that there might be danger lurking in the road I cannot explain.

But it became his habit, solely of his own will, to follow Cyrus Portman—out of sight himself—till he saw him safely within his house, and then limp back again to his own barn chamber.

Cyrus Portman, secure of his place in the love of his congregation, thinking his village home ever secure from danger of robbery, or even the fear of theft, was careless of the fact that it was well known he carried about him large sums of money, ready for his own expenses and charities.

One of the tramps seeking employment at Brent Hill, proving a congenial companion for Bob Carter in his drinking frolics and idle life, became his guest, and the two under the influence of strong liquor, resolved to rob the parson.

"He's bound to have a pocket full of money," Bob said, "and we're half starved. We'll make it more equal like."

So it befell that one August night, when there was no moon, Joe, faithfully trudging upon his self-appointed task of seeing Susy's lover safe in his own home, saw two men spring upon him as he passed a high hedge.

Taken entirely by surprise, Cyrus Portman turned to his assailants, and fought with the courage of a truly brave man.

But they were two to one, and had thrown him down, when Bob Carter, lifting a formidable club, ordered him to give up his money.

Instead of complying, he struggled more fiercely to free himself from the grasp of the other ruffian.

"You will have it, then," growled Bob, lifting the club; and surely there would have been an end of all Susy's dreams of happiness, had not Joe flung himself between the heavy, murderous weapon and Cyrus Portman.

Down came the club with a sickening crash upon the idiot's back and head, and Cyrus Portman, with a sudden wrench, freed himself as the tramp dodged back to avoid the blow.

At this moment the voices of a party of village merry-makers were heard coming up the road, and the would-be robbers and assassin turned and fled.

The calls of the clergyman hurried the steps of the farmer lads coming home, and the well-known voices of the Brinton boys were soon heard in eager exclamation.

"Poor Joe," he said, looking up, as he knelt to examine the prostrate body. "I am afraid his devotion has cost him his life. I cannot feel his heart beat."

"We'll carry him home," Charlie Brinton said.

Willing, strong hands lifted the still insensible figure, and tenderly poor Joe was carried to the farm again.

Susy, sitting still on the porch, thinking of her lover, saw the procession enter the gate, and ran quickly down the path.

Her tears told first as Cyrus told his sad tale, but she opened the door of the spare room on the lower floor, wakened Mrs. Brinton, brought lights, water and bandages, while James saddled a horse and rode back to the village for the doctor.

But doctors could not help poor Joe.

The blow was a death-blow, and before morning there was only a cold, still form where the poor idiot's life had existed.

But before he died he was brought back to consciousness, to know Susy was bending over him, her tears dropping fast upon his white, death-stricken face.

"Don't cry," he whispered, faintly. "It was because you love him. I didn't forget," he said, while a smile brightened his poor face. "Joe didn't forget when you took a lashing for him. Joe remembered, and he put his head under Bob Carter's club to save the parson."

Then he said—

"Is the parson here?"

"Yes, Joe, I am here."

"All alive, and Joe did it. Joe did it for Susy."

And so, with Susy's name upon his lips, poor Joe died.

LAND AND SPURS.—In old feudal times the ceremonies used in conferring a fief, or estate, were principally three—homage, fealty, and investiture. The first was designed as a significant expression of the submission and devotedness of the vassal towards his lord. In performing homage his head was uncovered, his belt ungirt, his sword and spurs removed; he placed his hands, kneeling, between those of the lord, and promised to become his man from thenceforward; to serve him with life and limb and worldly honor, faithfully and loyally, in consideration of the lands which he held under him. None but the lord in person could accept homage, which was commonly concluded by a kiss. An oath of fealty was indispensable in every fief; but the ceremony was less peculiar than that of homage and it might be received by proxy. It was taken by ecclesiastics, but not by minors, and in language differed little from the form of homage. Investiture, or the actual conveyance of feudal lands, was of two kinds—proper and improper. The first was an actual putting in possession upon the ground, either by the lord or his deputy, which is called, in our law, livery of seisin.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LARK.—Getting up with the lark has lost much of its terror since it has been discovered that the lark is really about the last bird to rise in the morning.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A clergyman exchanging with a brother minister, found a note in the Bible, in which the prayers of the church were requested for Mr. Jones that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him. The preacher prayed most fervently for the widower, but to his amazement and mortification he found afterwards that the note had lain in the Bible a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sunday sitting with a new wife in the congregation!

THE ROOSTER.—It is generally believed that the rooster as an emblem of Democratic success originated in the State of Indiana. The first authentic record is that it was used in the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, when Polk defeated Henry Clay, in 1844. From the fact that there was a popular cry in that stat of "Crow, Chapman, crow," the editor of that paper, Mr. Chapman, is believed to be the author of the use of the rooster. This is the version of Commissioner Hayne, who is an authority upon the political history of the Hoosier State.

DENTISTRY IN JAPAN.—People who have indulged in sighs, grimaces, writhings, howlings, and kickings, in the sumptuous easy-chairs of dentists will be happy to learn that teeth are extracted differently in Japan. The Japanese dentist travels over the country carrying a box covered with brass ornaments, and containing some little mallets and wedges. When he meets with a person who wishes to part with an aching tooth, the wedges are pressed in between the tooth and the gum, and are then forced down with the mallet, until by hammering and prying the tooth is made so loose that it can be pulled out with the fingers.

CHRISTMAS TREES.—Christmas trees and evergreens in connection with the celebration of Christmas are traced to the very dawn of Christendom. Tradition says that the first Christian church in Britain was built of boughs, and that the disciples directed this to be done to attract the notice of the people, because the monks had built temples of this description in imitation of the temples of Saturn, which were in every instance constructed under the branches of the oak tree. The great feast of Saturn was held in December, and as the oaks were then leafless, the monks required the people to bring in boughs of evergreens, and Christians adopted the same custom on the 25th of December, the usage surviving to the present day.

AN OLD SONG.—The general impression that "Robin Adair" is a Scotch song is erroneous. The melody is Irish and the words are English. Robin Adair was an Irish surgeon, whom accident brought into the presence of Lady Caroline Keppel, sister of the famous English admiral of that name. Mutual love followed their acquaintance, and during the enforced absence which Lady Caroline's relatives brought about she wrote the song and sang it to an air which her lover had sung to her. They were finally married with the parents' consent, and spent a few happy days before the death of Lady Caroline. Her husband never remarried. He lived to the age of 75, an honored favorite of the king, George III.

WHAT THEY BELIEVE.—According to the orthodox creed of Islam, women will be saved with men, and all be made young again. Joseph, when viceroy of Egypt, was riding one day, when an old woman seized his reins and demanded alms. He turned to look at her, and was so shocked at her appearance that he involuntarily exclaimed—"How wonderfully homely you are!" "Then," said the old woman, "why don't you pray to God, who answers all your prayers, and ask him to make me beautiful?" Whereupon Joseph lifted up his hands and prayed for her, and instantly beheld her standing by him, young and lovely—so lovely that he loved her and made her his wife. She lived long after him, died very aged, and went to heaven, and is an old woman there now, and the only old woman there, for God makes all good women young again once, and she can never be made young again.

A PETROLEUM PICNIC.—This is a somewhat novel idea, but at Baku, on the Caspian Sea (the new 'Oil City' of Southeastern Russia), such jaunts are of daily, or rather nightly occurrence at certain seasons of the year. Among the naphtha springs of the neighborhood is one which spouts up from the bottom of the sea, at a short distance from the shore, where the smoothness and shallowness of the land-locked bay in front of the town permit the inflammable matter to float undisturbed upon the surface of the water for many yards round. To visit this curious spot by moonlight—in a small steam-launch kept expressly for the purpose—is now quite a fashionable amusement with the Russian residents of Baku. On reaching the spot a lighted match is thrown into the floating oil, and instantly the whole surrounding surface blazes up into a veritable lake of fire, through which the boat, cased in iron as a protection against the flames, is driven at full speed, casting off fiery ripples in every direction, while the faces of the crew, looking wan and ghastly beneath the infernal glare suggest a train of ghosts on their way across the river of death. The whole spectacle is very grand and unearthly; but, unfortunately, it can only be enjoyed in perfectly calm weather, and the sudden springing up of a breeze from the sea often spoils it at the very last moment.

THE GOOD-BYE.

BY T. MILLER.

Pink and white in snowy shower,
Shade and light and leaf and thorn,
From the orchard gate the hawthorn bloom
Through diamond lattices scented the room,
When a child of the summer was born.

Golden green and creaking swing—
Boy and girl are playmates now.
"Swing me higher—up to the sky!"
"Nay; then I should lose you," he made reply,
Under the hawthorn bough.

Oh, perfume sweet!—she pulled the branch;
Flowers on her face fell tenderly:
At the orchard gate, "Good-night, dear love!"
Light in the lattice and stars above,
And "Take this bloom from me."

Summer again, and a last good-bye,
Fair head resting in sunset ray:
Beyond the window and western glo
Fancy flutters to long ago:
"Bring me one hawthorn sprey."

Childhood's blossoms and last good-bye—
"Ah! think of the dawn in the Fatherland!"
Earthly morning—by flower-strewn bed,
Manhood's tears from a drooping head
Trickling on still cold hand.

Oh! fragrance of the hawthorn tree,
Where'er his lonely footsteps fly,
Arise and waft her memory sweet;
White blossoms whisper: "White souls meet
Beyond the last good-bye!"

NAMELESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "PENKIVEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

"I THOUGHT Mr. Darby came to talk to you about the poor people."

Lady Dacres gave a ringing little laugh.

"The only poor person he talks to me about is himself. He seems to think he's very much to be pitied for being endowed by fate with a very big rectory, and no one but himself to live there."

It was impossible for Lilian to mistake my lady's meaning. She was speechless from dismay.

"There, don't distress yourself," said the elder woman, merrily. "I only hope Mr. Darby won't bring things to a climax while we're away. What should we do about Daisy and Pansy?"

A great calm fell on the Castle when its master and mistress had departed. Lilian felt happier than she had done since she left Earlsmere.

It was pleasant to live at the beautiful old mansion and know there was no one there she need fear to offend.

Lady Dacres inspired her with a kind of dread, even when most amiable.

Life was far more peaceful with only the two little girls to break her solitude, and the three enjoyed the lovely summer weather, and made many a little excursion among the picturesque country which surrounds Chepstow.

"If they would only stay away always," suggested Daisy, one night, "how very nice it would be!"

"But papa!" objected Pansy; "I should like to see papa sometimes!"

"Perhaps he would come," pondered Daisy; "but, oh, I would rather be without him than have mamma, too!"

"You should not speak like that, dear," said Lilian, though in her heart she quite agreed with the little speaker. "Lady Dacres is your mother now, and you ought to try to love her!"

"She doesn't love me!"

"You don't know. She has not much time to attend to you; but she has never been unkind to you, Daisy, or Pansy either."

Lilian thought she had scored a point in Lady Dacres' favor; for, indeed, she seldom troubled herself enough about the children to be unkind to them, or to interfere in any way with their amusements.

"You don't know," objected Pansy. "Once, before you came, she was dreadfully unkind. She slashed my hand right across with her riding-whip."

"Perhaps she did not mean to do it."

"She did! When I cried, she said it served me right!"

"Then you had been naughty."

"I don't know," said the child, doubtfully. "I meant to be very kind to her. Do you remember her locket, Miss Green?"

"Your mamma wears half-a-dozen lockets."

"But the one that is always on her chain. That she never forgets to wear?"

Lilian recollected it well.

It was of oval shape, of plain dead gold, rather large in size, and thoroughly well made, but not to compare with dozens of my lady's other gems; yet it was never laid aside.

In morning costume or evening robes that locket always kept its place.

"Well," went on the child, easily, "we had been for a walk with nurse, and coming back I saw something glittering in the avenue, and, of course, I picked it up, and it was mamma's locket. I asked the butler where she was, and ran in with it to her. I thought she would be so pleased."

And even at that distance of time there was a sad ring in the child's voice, as though she had not forgotten her disappointment.

"And wasn't she pleased?"

"Carrying it the spring came undone. I suppose it got loosened by falling, and so I could see inside.

"There was a gentleman's likeness, and, oh! Miss Green, he looked so good and kind, I am sure he must have been very nice!"

"And you gave it back to your mamma?"

"She was in her dressing-room. She had just come in from a drive, and I gave it her open, just as it was.

"She hardly listened to where I found it. She just up her whip and lashed my hand. I never shall forget the pain; and yet, somehow, it hurt me more that she should have done it just when I meant to please her."

From that moment Lilian never mentioned their stepmother to the children.

She herself feared Lady Dacres almost as much as they did.

The glittering eyes, the brilliant beauty, reminded her of the radiant fascination of a serpent.

She had another trouble as the days grew longer.

Mr. Darby seemed to have a marvelous knack of meeting her and the children in their evening walks.

He was a handsome, genial young man about thirty, with a comfortable rectory, and an income which was luxurious for a bachelor.

From the moment of their introduction he had treated Lady Dacres' governess with the utmost consideration, but never until my lady's broad hint had Lilian fancied what his wishes were.

And now, as evening after evening he met them and sauntered at their side among the beautiful country lanes, as she heard little Pansy openly tell him, it was strange he always had to come their way, or Daisy exclaim how odd it was they always met him, a great fear came to the lonely girl.

He was young, high-born, and comparatively rich.

He was handsome, generous, and true; but yet she knew perfectly that she should never feel for Archibald Darby anything but a calm friendship.

She who had been content to accept Ronald Trevlyn when she was an heiress, because she believed he loved her, now that she worked for her own bread meant to refuse a man ten times his superior in heart and feeling, and whose prospects were far, far brighter than any likely to be her own.

"I shall never love him," thought Lilian to herself; "and, oh, I hope he does not care for me! I never shall marry anyone—never while I live!"

For, you see, she had learnt her own secret now.

She knew she loved Guy Ainslie. She could never be aught to him.

He would never guess her devotion, but, while her heart was his, she could never plight her troth to another man.

The moment she had dreaded came at last.

One lovely July evening the little girls were invited to tea in the hayfield. The nurses would be in charge.

They were altogether more suited to preside at the entertainment than Lilian, and so she profited by the rare leisure to take her sketching into the grounds and see if she could secure a distant view which had hitherto escaped her.

Absorbed in her occupation, she never heard the sounds of footsteps, she never knew she was no longer alone until the rector's voice fell on her ear.

"Miss Green."

"How you startled me!"

"I am very sorry."

"The children are making hay in the five-acre field," determined to ascribe his visit to them.

"I do not want the children, naughty little things."

"They are not naughty."

"Well, they never have the sense to see when they are not wanted."

"Do you mean they inflict themselves on you?" asked Lilian, a little nettled; "but you know you always seek them out."

"I am very fond of them; but I get a little irate when they never let me have a word with you. This is an opportunity I have long been seeking. Miss Green, I want to speak to you very seriously, if you will listen to me."

"Please, don't," said Lilian, with a strange light in her eyes. "I don't want to be serious to-night. Everything is so bright and beautiful, I feel too happy to think of sad things."

"But things need not be sad because they are serious," he said, gently. "Believe me Miss Green, sorrow shall never touch you if I can help it.

"I have come to-night to tell you that, and also that the dearest wish of my life is to persuade you to trust yours to my keeping, dear," and he bent over her eagerly. "Do you think you could ever learn to love me?"

Her blue eyes never sank beneath his scrutiny.

He had not the power to bring lovelight to their depths or blushes to her cheeks. She answered him without a moment's hesitation, gently but firmly, and, oh, so sadly!—

"Why have you said this? Oh, why couldn't you let things be as they were! I was happy, and you were my friend!"

"I will be your friend while I live; but, oh, my darling! friendship is not enough to satisfy the cravings of my heart! Dear, I love you so well that my life can never be quite perfect again without you! Won't you give me a word of hope?"

"I cannot—oh, I cannot!"

"I will wait so patiently!" he pleaded. "I will never hurry you. You shall take your own time about it if you only will promise that you will try to love me!"

"I wish I could!"

There was such a deep despair in her voice, such a yearning cry in its pathos, that the generous man forgot his own trouble to think of hers.

"What is it?" he asked, and he touched her black dress. "Do you mean that your loss is still too fresh for you to think of other ties? Do you mean you wear this one who filled the place I covet?"

"I wear it for my father," she answered. "Not mine in point of law, but, oh, the best and dearest father girl ever had! I lost him not yet a year ago."

"But, dear, you will not forget him sooner for accepting a husband's love. I am sure he would like to feel his darling was in stronger protection than her own."

Lilian smiled wearily.

"You speak nobly," she said. "I wish—oh, I wish it could be as you say!—but I have no heart to give you. It is not mine to give."

"And you are engaged! What can the man be thinking of to let you lead such a life as this?"

"It is not an unhappy life; but I am not engaged, Mr. Darby. My wedding-day was fixed when my father died, and instead of being an heiress I had to earn my own living."

"You mean that he was coward enough to forsake you," cried the clergyman, passionately. "I should like to have the handling of him!"

"He did not forsake me, he wanted me to elope with him and be married privately, and I refused."

"But you love him still?"

She shook her head.

"I should never marry him, never—not even if he wished it; and I am not likely to marry anyone. Only you see I have no heart to give you, and so please forget all you have said!"

It was not the whole truth, but more she dared not tell him.

Better he should think her pining for a faithless, worthless lover than that he should guess she had given away her whole heart to a man who had no thought of loving her.

The rector looked troubled, he paced up and down the narrow pathway with eager restless steps; at last he stopped in front of her.

"That need be no obstacle."

"Mr. Darby, it must be!"

"No!" he said, gravely. "I know by instinct you are too pure and true to break your word. Promise me you will try to banish this unhappy feeling from your heart, and let me make you my much-loved wife, and do all that in me lies to make you happy!"

She shook her head.

"Don't you trust me?"

"Entirely!"

"Then, believe me, I would never reproach you for your want of affection. I would never mention the past to you; I love you so intensely that I believe firmly I should at last win some return, but even if I fail the fault would be mine, no shadow of blame could rest on you."

"Don't!" she said, faintly; "don't tempt me!"

"It is a temptation then?"

"Do you think it can fail to be when one stands friendless and alone in the world? The offer of a home and someone to love is a very great temptation."

"Lilian!"

She started.

"Forgive me, I learned the name from the children. Lilian, suffer me to ask you one question. This love which steals your heart against me—I ask not if it is past or present—but this one thing I demand? Is it hopeless? Do you believe that any years of waiting will bring you nearer the one you love?"

"It is hopeless," she returned, promptly; "no years of waiting can alter it. I do not send you away because I have one shadow of belief that aught can bring me nearer my dream."

"Then, Lilian, you must not send me away. I don't ask you to have pity on me, my shadowed life and blighted hopes. I don't think much of winning a woman through her compassion; but Lilian, my love, my darling, I urge you to have pity on yourself!"

"Upon myself? What can you mean?"

"I mean, dear, that this life is not suited for you—that you are not formed to go from girlhood to womanhood, from youth to middle-age alone; and I mean, still more, that you are so friendless, so helpless, it seems to me that you cannot fight your own battles."

No need to say how gladly he would fight; it was written in his kindling eyes.

"I am very happy here," she said, simply. "Lady Dacres is never unkind to me."

"But when she comes home this month and the Castle is filled with guests, do you think she will like it when she sees that the only rival to her beauty is her own governess? Do you not think your very grace and sweetness will tell against you?"

"I cannot think Lady Dacres as cruel as that."

"She is as cruel as the grave."

"Has she ever been cruel to you?"

"Never! To me she is the most gracious of hostesses; she little guesses that I know her story, and that the man whose life she blighted was my dearest friend."

"Ought you to tell me this?"

"I think I ought; you are at Lady Dacres' mercy, and I want you to know her true character. You will understand then that, loving you as I do, I cannot bear to think of you as liable to suffer through her caprices."

"Well!"

"You know that she was married last year—May, I think—that she was then a penniless beauty of eighteen, and Sir John Dacres was turned fifty."

"I have heard so; she told me herself."

"Did she? I don't suppose she told you that before she met Sir John she was engaged to one of the noblest men who ever walked this earth—that until a week of the day fixed for her wedding with him she kept up the deception; and then, just as he was expecting her back to spend the last days before their marriage at the home he shared with his sister, the news came that a special license had made her Lady Dacres."

Lilian's face had grown white, an awful fear had come to her.

"Are you sure?"

"I am perfectly sure. Ainslie and I had been chums at college. I daresay his cousin had heard of me often enough under the name of Grant, which I bore until I came into my uncle's property.

"I was to have performed the wedding. Do you think I can be mistaken, Lilian, when I have the memory of my friend's face before me now on that bright spring morning when he came to tell me all his hopes were vain."

"How could she! Oh! how could she!"

"Ah, child!" said Archibald, tenderly; "girls as pure as you can't understand the temptations of rank and wealth. She sold herself for Sir John's money.

"And now I ask you, Lilian, is such a woman likely to be a kindly friend to you? The moment you cross her wishes, however innocently, she will turn upon you with the cruelty of a serpent!"

"I must be careful not to cross them, then."

"And you prefer to stay here and take the risks? You like better to remain with such a woman as Lady Dacres than to become my wife!"

"Put it more truly," said Lilian, sadly. "I may be weak and erring, but I have just generosity enough not to take everything at your hands and give you nothing; for the rest I see very little of Lady Dacres, and the children are pleasant companions enough, and sadly neglected."

"You have disappointed me bitterly," he said, taking her hand in his; "and yet I love you the more for your truth and honor. You show me that there exists a noble, generous woman in the world, though I cannot win her."

"There exist many far nobler and far more generous. I hope you will win one of them."

He shook his head.

"I am not one to change!" "Then in a lower key, "You will not refuse me your friendship, Lilian?"

"Oh, no! I will gladly be your friend!"

"Remember!" he assured her, "I can have no greater pleasure than to think and act for you. If ever you need a friend's advice or counsel—if ever you need a service you could have asked of a brother—ask it of me, and I will gladly do it. No time, no distance will change me; wherever you are, whatever happens, you will find me the same, ready and willing to aid you, longing still that a day may dawn when you will accept my faithful love!"

And then bending down he stooped and pressed his lips passionately to her broad, white forehead.

It was his only adieu; another moment and Lilian was alone.

CHAPTER VII.

IT is probable that Daisy and Pansy would have missed Mr. Darby's frequent companionship much more, and that their inquiries to their governess would have been still more perplexing than was the case, but that the very day after the rector's proposal tidings came from Lady Dacres that she was returning in a week's time, and that the Castle would be filled with guests.

Lilian did not share their delight. Could she have chosen she would have continued that peaceful, dreamy life much longer, for although by nature free from superstitious fancies, she had a nameless dread of Lady Dacres, which absence had strengthened instead of weakened.

She had never forgotten that episode of Guy Ainslie's letter; and an awful terror had fixed itself on her that the words Lady Dacres spoke concerning his engagement had a very different meaning from the one she had then applied to them.

It was impossible that Guy Ainslie had been engaged twice, therefore Lady Dacres meant that she herself was separated from him by an obstacle. Oh! horror. She had added she hoped the obstacle would be removed.

Could it be that after selling herself for gold she could actually look forward to her husband's death as restoring her to her old lover?

Two people had warned Lilian against my lady on two different occasions. Both must have been sinners.

The man who had loved her could not have accused her falsely, and Archibald Darby was of too chivalrous a nature to wrong any woman.

The double warning rang unpleasantly in poor Lilian's ears, and she dreaded, with all her heart, the return to the Castle of its mistress.

After all, her fears seemed groundless. Lady Dacres came into the school-room, looking more beautiful than ever, and Lilian saw at once that she was brighter and happier than she had been when she was away.

"You look flourishing, Miss Green! Well?"

"Am I to congratulate you?"

"Please not!"

"You don't mean to say it isn't settled yet? Why he seemed in such a hurry!"

Pansy and her sister had escaped. They never cared to linger long with their stepmother, naturally, perhaps.

"It will never be settled as you mean," said Lilian, gently. "Please do not speak of it!"

"You mean you have refused him?"

"I did not say so, my lady!"

"Well, you are a very foolish girl, and you have made me tell fearful untruths!"

"I?"

"You! Of course, when I went to see the Ainslies, Kate was loud in her inquiries after you. Wanted to know if I didn't find you a treasure. Of course I told her you were a treasure, of which the Rector would very soon deprive me!"

"Oh, Lady Dacres!"

"Don't you want to hear what she said?"

"If you please! If it isn't a secret!"

"She said you were much too young to go through the world alone, and that she was very glad you would have someone to protect you!"

"She is very kind!"

"Kate is always kind," and her lady gave a strange, heavy sigh, "and her advice is very good if one can only follow it!"

"It must have been pleasant for you to see Leckenham again."

"Why?" very abruptly. "Who told you I liked it?"

"You told me yourself it was your old home!"

"It doesn't do to revisit old haunts, Miss Green!" said my lady, and her voice was full of quiet sadness. "I slept one night at Leckenham while Sir John was in Scotland and I declare to you I cried myself to sleep!"

She hurried out of the room then, as though half ashamed of her confession, and Lilian was still wondering at it, when another visitor honored the school-room—no less a person than Sir John—who came in with a little girl clinging to each hand.

It dawned on the governess then that he did love his children dearly, only fear of vexing his idolised wife prevented him from openly showing his affection.

"Well, Miss Green," he said, pleasantly, "and how have you been getting on? What kind of summer have you spent?"

Lilian answered simply that it had been very pleasant, and then the baronet took her hand, and pressed it with unusual warmth.

"You must not think me ungrateful, my dear young lady," he said, gravely. "I can never thank you enough for the care of my poor little girls; they look like different creatures, so happy and well behaved. I hope you don't find them very troublesome?"

"I am very fond of children, Sir John; I never find it troublesome to have them with me!"

"Ah!" and he was silent for a minute. "Well, I told Mr. Ainslie we owed his sister a great deal for sending you here. I wish my wife liked children."

A little silence, and then, with a courtly grace which told of his long descent, he begged Lilian's acceptance of a present, a simple spray of ivy in filigree silver, more tasteful than valuable, and yet which showed she had not been forgotten.

"From the children, you know," said the baronet, kindly. "I hope I shall see you in the drawing-room sometimes, Miss Green; as a friend of my wife's cousin you will always be welcome."

Lilian explained that she could hardly claim the friendship of Mr. and Miss Ainslie; they had been very kind to her, that was all.

"They're kind to everyone, I think," said Sir John, gravely. "I always detested the sound of Guy Ainslie's name until I saw him, and since that I've felt he was a man I should be proud to call my friend. I've asked him down next month, and I hope he'll come."

Poor Lilian, it was a trial to her when, dressed in her plain black cashmere, she followed her white frocked pupils downstairs.

She need not have feared being noticed, for none of the ladies present deemed it their duty to address the governess. Lilian would be quite free to use her eyes and ears, and first thing that struck her was the plainness of the guests.

Could Lady Dacres have selected her visitors on purpose that they might serve as foils to her own brilliant bewitching beauty? For a moment this idea crossed Lilian's mind; then she grew pale as death.

She felt as though she was suddenly sinking through the ground.

The Dacres' drawing-room faded from her view, and in fancy she saw herself again at Earlsmore listening to a man's impassioned love story.

And what had wrought this change? Simply that the door had opened to admit the gentlemen, and that among Sir John's honored guests Lilian recognized the man who had wooed her in the days of her prosperity—Sir Ronald Trevlyn, Baronet, of Trevlyn Court.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO go back for a brief space to that short autumn day when Lilian Earl took her fate into her own hands; when, standing by the water's edge, Captain Beaumont and Mr. Martin, clever, shrewd men of the world though they were, could come to no other conclusion than that Lord Earl's adopted child, for whom there seemed no home on earth, had sought one in the clear, sparkling water.

Angry with themselves for losing sight of her—angry with the strange mystery which hung over her history—both men yet were still more incensed against Sir Ronald Trevlyn.

"Had he kept true to her," growled the Captain, "this would never have happened! She was no coward; no poverty, no grief for her father's death, would have driven her to such a deed.

"Sir Ronald is as much her murderer as though he had put a bullet through her heart; only unfortunately, as the law stands, no punishment can befall him. The scorn of all true men, the contempt of good women will be his reward. I shouldn't care to show my face in public if I were Sir Ronald, when this story is noised abroad."

Telegraphing to his wife not to expect him until the next day, Mr. Martin accompanied the Captain to Trevlyn Court, and demanded to speak with its master.

Sir Ronald made no demur about admitting them.

If Lilian were going to yield to his wishes, and consent to elope with him, it was just as well he should present a bold front to her temporary guardians—it would throw their suspicions off the scent.

He descended to the library to meet his visitors; they both stood facing the door, and neither of them noticed the baronet's extended hand, or heed his entreaty to be seated.

There they stood with grave, stern dignity, as though they hated the duty which brought them there, and were yet constrained to discharge it.

"Sir Ronald Trevlyn," began Mr. Martin, as his friend signed to him to tell the story, "I have come here with Captain Beaumont to acquaint you with the news of your betrothed's death."

Sir Ronald started.

"Are you jesting?"

"We should not jest on such a subject," said the Captain. "My dead cousin's adopted child—the girl you promised to protect while you lived—has taken her own life, driven to it by the neglect of all truth and honor shown by yourself."

"You speak harshly."

"I do not stop to measure my words. This morning she was in the pride of youth and beauty—to-night she is dead and cold, the shadow of a sin resting on her name; but Sir Ronald Trevlyn, in Heaven's sight, and before the Great Judge of all, that sin is yours, not hers. Lilian's death lies at your door, you will have to answer to Lord Earl at the last day for his darling's fate."

He never waited for his answer, but turned on his heel and left the room, followed closely by his friend.

Before Sir Ronald had recovered from the shock of the accusation sufficiently to resent it, he was alone!

Alone! Alone with the memory of a girl's fair face and lustrous, dark blue eyes to haunt him. Alone with the guilt of murder, as they told him, on his soul!

Search was made in every direction—the river was dragged to find the remains of the lost girl, but they were never recovered.

The current was too fast for this to excite wonder; and the whole village shared the opinion of Mr. Martin and the Captain, that Lilian Earl had met her death in those treacherous waters.

And from many an honest voice here rose a curse upon Sir Ronald Trevlyn.

For two months Sir Ronald lingered at the Court, bearing the odium which had fallen on him as best he could, believing that in time the memory of Lilian's fate and his share in it would be forgotten.

Then his mother died almost suddenly, and the last tie which bound him to the place was gone.

For her sake he had held to Trevlyn with the frantic eagerness of a drowning man who catches at a straw.

When she was dead he ceased to struggle with fate.

The Court was sold for a good round sum, the mortgages paid off, and a new wealthy owner prepared to live in the house once destined for Lilian; while the baronet, with what remained to him of the purchase-money after his debts were paid, came up to London, hoping that the stain which rested on his honor and made him a banned man in his own county was unknown to the denizens of Belgravia and Mayfair.

He was right.

There few wealthy people near his home, and the hatred of the poor does not travel to London and impress the upper ten thousand against its object.

Sir Ronald found himself very favorably received.

Young and handsome, the last of a grand old family, society opened wide its arms to the fascinating baronet.

Of course he was a bad match, but then he was an ornament to any ball-room; and he made himself very agreeable, so that hostesses voted him an acquisition.

He always seemed to have plenty of money; he had paid all his debts! he could hardly be quite so badly off as people said.

Sir Ronald haunted ball-rooms and operas. He never refused an invitation to a dance.

He was playing a desperate game—his money would not keep him much more than a year.

Before that was gone he must contrive to find a wealthy wife—an heiress who would be glad to change her plebeian gold for the grand old name of Trevlyn.

But though he was popular enough, Sir Ronald found a great deal of trouble in deciding which young lady should have the honor of becoming Lady Trevlyn.

He wanted money; but, he was a beauty-lover. He could not have borne to spend his life with a plain woman.

Now heiresses are not always noted for their beauty, and so the season waned, and still the society papers had not chronicled the baronet's engagement.

It was late in May before he became intimate with the Dacres.

Vivian's brilliant, bewitching beauty won his fervent admiration.

Sir John was a useful person to know, and so it came about that Sir Ronald and the Dacres grew on very familiar terms.

In public he was the husband's friend and companion—in private he became Vivian's confidant and adviser.

She was new to the world of London life, and he guided her footsteps.

Neither of them dreamed of love. It would have been fatal to his interests, while all the affection of her heart was given elsewhere.

They were simply allies—allies who found time pass pleasantly if spent together, and who were the best of friends because neither of them desired to overstep friendship's barrier.

"Do you know your husband has invited me to Dacres Castle?" he asked her one afternoon, when he rode beside her carriage in the park.

"Has he? What did you say?"

"I left it open until you had endorsed his invitation. Shall I bore you, Lady Dacres?"

"No, but you will bore yourself."

"Not in your society."

"Don't pay compliments," and her color deepened. "In plain English, Sir Ronald, my husband's castle is the dreariest place I ever saw. We spent the winter there, and it nearly killed me."

"But that was the honeymoon," he said, in a light, bantering tone. "You ought not to have been dull then."

"The honeymoon was over ages before. I shall fill the house with company, Sir Ronald, and you will be very welcome if you come; only I warn you, it will be very dull."

"I am not afraid of that; I shall come."

"Then I will invite Miss Cash."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You ungrateful man! it is entire for your benefit. I can't endure the fair Sophia myself!"

"Then why inflict her on me?"

"Because rumor has it that she is to be Lady Trevlyn; and it will be a little amusement for me to watch the development of your romance. When one is married and done for one's self match-making is a great resource."

Sir Ronald did not deny the rumor she had alluded to. Vivian looked serious.

"Is it so?" she asked. "Come, Sir Ronald, confide in me, and I will help you to the utmost of my power. You don't know the interest I take in other people's love affairs!"

"I shall never have a love affair. Lady Dacres, do you despise a man because he's poor?"

"No,"—thinking of one man she loved, whom the world called poor, and whom she certainly did not despise—"but I think poverty is very depressing."

"And being poor, being cut off by my pride for trade what resource is there to me but to marry money?"

"Which means, you contemplate sacrificing yourself at the shrine of the fair Sophia. She has twenty thousand a year, I believe; so you won't be poor if you marry her."

Sir Ronald looked straight into Vivian's dusky eyes.

Vivian blushed. Of course he meant herself.

It never offends a woman to be beloved. Lady Dacres might have felt affronted if Sir Ronald had spoken of marrying someone as young and beautiful as herself; but she could not grudge him such consolation as Miss Cash's plain face offered.

"No; you are very rational. Then you will go down with us to the Castle next month, and Miss Cash shall meet you; she's a great favorite with Sir John. I believe he sometimes regrets that I do not resemble her."

Sir Ronald laughed.

"That's quite impossible!"

Sophia Cash was a young lady of nearly thirty, of large fortune and thoroughly presentable family.

Sir John and her father had been intimate, and the baronet had been her guardian.

She was plain to a degree, but she possessed a brave, kindly heart, a generous disposition, and a mild, equable temper.

There were many who thought she would have made a better stepmother for Daisy and Pansy than penniless beautiful Vivian Ormond.

Perhaps she shared the opinion herself; but all the same, she was on friendly terms with the young bride, and had visited her pretty frequently during the season.

"Of course, you will come to us, Sophia?" said Sir John, when the invitation was given; "Daisy and Pansy will be delighted to renew their acquaintance with you."

"And so will someone else," said his wife, archly. "Miss Cash, do you know Sir Ronald Trevlyn is coming to us on purpose to meet you?"

"I am glad he will be there," said the lady, complacently, "I like Sir Ronald, Lady Dacres."

"And he does something more than like you," whispered her beautiful hostess. "Oh! Miss Cash, do take pity on our dullness, and settle the affair at the Castle. It would be a charming place for a wedding! We have a beautiful church, the handsomest rector for miles around; and I will lend you Daisy and Pansy as bridesmaids."

Well, no more was said upon the subject, but Sir Ronald accompanied Sir John and Lady Dacres to the Castle; and it was quite settled that Miss Cash would join the party in a day or two.

The arrangement was a relief to Sir Ronald Trevlyn in the present state of his finances. A month's hospitality at such a house as Dacres Castle was not to be despised.

And then Sir John was a generous, liberal host; my lady had the art of entertaining at her fingers' end; and the woman he had made up his mind to wed would be in the same house, ready for him to expend all his eloquence on the wooing.

He was a long time dressing for dinner, and his thoughts wandered from the present wooing to one that had been brief and hapless, and which had begun and ended only a few months before.

He had never sorrowed for Lilian Earl as Guy Ainslie had grieved over the loss of Vivian, but, in his way, he had missed her.

He had never quite forgiven her for escaping him—for preferring an early self-sought grave to life at his side.

He knew in his heart that he had never really meant, after Captain Beaumont's tidings, to marry Lilian.

The elopement once agreed to he would have known how to arrange a ceremony which while it seemed to the trusting girl a private marriage would yet not make her his wife, but leave him free to bestow that title upon an heiress.

He never meant to have made Lilian Lady Trevlyn; but he meant to have been kind to her, and to have loved her always as much as it was in his nature to love anyone.

He had felt sure of her consent, and lo! she had escaped him, choosing means to escape which left a lasting blight upon his name in the minds of all who knew the story.

She was dead! Her short life had ended months before.

At most he had known her only a few weeks, and yet—how her face haunted him! —yet she had been dearer to him than any woman.

"I wonder who she was," he thought, as he arranged his white tie before the glass. "Her grace and beauty was beyond anything I had seen this season. She was nameless and obscure, and yet had she been presented to Court all London would have raved about her. Poor child! She must have cared for me, to take her own life just because she could not belong to me before all the world. I suppose it is better for me as it is. Such an entanglement might have hindered my wedding; and marriage is an unfortunate necessity."

He went downstairs to dinner. He was the life and soul of that gay party, and yet all the while a girl's fair face haunted him; he seemed to see two dark blue eyes, and hear a sweet voice asking him whether his love would last for ever.

Alas! alas! it was barely a year ago, and already that love was cold and dead.

Already he was wishing to give his name to another woman.

Sir Ronald wondered a little that his hostess had not arranged for Miss Cash to arrive with him.

His destined bride being absent, he did not hurry to the drawing-room, but entered it with a stream of other men in time for coffee.

His eyes wandered round the room as he sought Lady Dacres.

They soon discovered her on the sofa, and then they caught sight of another face, younger, and as fair as hers, and for one moment Sir Ronald deemed his eyes were playing him false.

Was it—could it be? Were there two girls with that bright, ethereal beauty, these dark, expressive eyes?

Was this only some perplexing resemblance to Lilian? or was it the real Lilian herself, and had that story of her death been a malicious fabrication?

Sir Ronald took a seat where he could command a full view of the young lady, and set himself to unravel the problem.

If this were indeed Lilian—if she had deceived him and let him bear the reproach of driving her to destruction unjustly—he would never forgive her; he would grudge no time, spare no effort to ruin the girl who had dared to escape his cruel plans.

If this were Lilian, then, indeed he, Ronald, was her sworn foe.

But he was sure it could not be.

Mr. Martin and Captain Beaumont were men of honor; they would not have come to him with a trumped-up story.

Besides, the emotion in their voice, the anger with which they spoke, all proved that they, at least, were convinced of the reality of Lilian's death.

An inquiry of his host for the children was Sir Ronald's first step.

The father, delighted at the introduction, led up the little girls, and the guest did his best to make friends with them.

He was not used to children, but the little Dacres were very simple and intelligent; they responded to his advances with frank cordiality; promised to show him the park and to take him round the picture-gallery.

Pansy even included an invitation to the schoolroom to see her white kitten.

"And how is it I never saw you in London?" asked Sir Ronald, when he found an opportunity.

"Oh! we stayed at home."

"All alone? Poor little maids!"

"Oh! it was very nice. No, we weren't alone; Miss Green took care of us."

"She is your governess?"

"Yes! Isn't she pretty?"

"How can I tell?"

"Why, you've seen her?"

"No!"

"She's over there, in a black dress; she always wears black because her papa died last year."

"Poor thing!"

"She isn't poor," protested Daisy; "she is very happy, she said so the other day."

"And you like her?"

"To be sure. You see, we did have such a dreadful time before she came—and we expected someone old and horrid."

"Miss Green certainly is not old."

"No; nor horrid. I'm sure I shall never forget when she came last winter; things were so black and she made them all so bright!"

"Daisy, you are disturbing Sir Ronald." Of course the interruption came from Lady Dacres. Daisy and her sister looked scared. "Go back to Miss Green directly," ordered the stepmother, "and tell her I think it is time for you to leave the drawing-room."

"May I congratulate you?" whispered Sir Ronald, mischievously, when the children were out of earshot.

"What on?"

"Your children—they are charming little maids."

"I hate children, they don't trouble me much. Fortunately, they have a *rara avis* of a governess, who never wants any holidays."

"What an obliging person!"

"She is peculiar altogether. She is quite alone in the world, and as poor as a church mouse, and yet she refused a most eligible offer the other day. I spoke to her about it, of course, and she had the impertinence to tell me it was her own affair!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"NO one has told me your secret. I know it always," mysteriously. "I can tell you your whole life, if you wish."

"What—what do you know, you dreadful Hussar?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"I know of your school days, of your grandmother, of your lonely life at Drydd, till a stranger came, a stranger who rescued you from a tramp one summer's evening, now nearly six years ago."

"Yes, yes," she said, breathlessly.

"I know of your grandmother's death, your marriage, your trip to Paris."

"Yes," now trembling all over, "it is all true; but, oh, clever, clever mask, since you know so much, can you tell me what became of him—of Allan Gordon?"

"Perhaps I could," said the mask, significantly; "but I should have to ask you one or two questions first, Mrs. Gordon."

"Tell me," she gasped, with one hand to her throat, "is—is he dead?"

"Would you be glad if I said yes?" maliciously.

"Don't torment me nor play with my feelings, you hateful, wicked mask, but tell me what you know."

"Perhaps I may," he rejoined, "if you tell me one or two things first. Tell me," lowering his voice to a whisper, "tell me, Miss Dane, are you going to be married to this rich man with whom your name is so freely coupled—Mr. Somers?"

"What is that to you?" she demanded defiantly.

"Something; at any rate, I wish to know."

"Then your wish is not destined to be gratified."

"Be it so. You will hear no more of Allan Gordon."

This was a terrible alternative. The mask had a slow and impressive way of speaking (probably assumed) but that carried conviction with it to the ears of the pale and trembling Chanoinesse.

This hateful mask, with his cool manners faded arms, Hessian spurred boots, and admirably shaped feet, with the ideal instep, was not, as she had at first thought, a confidant of Lord Kingsford's, for he knew nothing of Drydd nor her first meeting with Allan.

He was either a friend of Allan's or the evil one!

"Am I to make any reply?" he asked, presently.

"Yes," she assented, feebly; "the gentleman you mention has asked me to marry him, but I have not given him an answer yet. I am to have a week to consider it."

"And what is your answer to be?" continued the mask, rather sharply.

"I think you are presuming too far. You are overstepping every boundary; even the license of a mask has limits," she said, with uncontrollable indignation.

"And I do not—there is the difference," decidedly. "Are you going to give me an answer, Mrs. Gordon? Are you going to marry this man or not?" he demanded, with a ring of repressed emotion—it might be passion—in his voice.

"I am! since you will know," she replied turning on him, and confronting him defiantly.

"You are!" seizing her roughly by the arm, "and why?"

"Pray, strike me!" she exclaimed, with withering sarcasm. "I know you would like to do it, white Hussar! You have no scruples of any kind, and it is not a bit more cowardly than forcing yourself into the confidence of a miserable woman, who is completely in your power."

The mask dropped her wrist with an air of compunction, and she proceeded, in a low quiet tone—

"What is it you want from me? Is it money?"

"No, no!" with energy; "don't think that of me," anxiously. "I am a rich man; but tell me why you are going to marry for money? What is money to you?" he asked in an eager, almost tremulous whisper.

"You, who already know so much, must know that I have nothing in my own home to compensate me for my unhappy past—nothing:" wringing her hands. "My mother and I have always been strangers. We never met till I was eighteen, and since then circumstances have estranged us. We have nothing in common.

"I am tired of this hollow, gay life; it means nothing to me; I want a peaceful home of my own, where I can do some good."

"Meaning when you will have a weak-minded man to deal with and the spending of a thousand pounds a week," said the Hussar, bitterly.

"You are wrong! I shall have enormous possibilities of doing good. I shall only look upon myself as a steward for that money. I shall build schools, slum-houses, tenements, an orphanage. I shall build and endow churches."

"Stop, stop! Spare me the edifying recital!" putting up his hand: "and this rich old man, you love him, of course—for his money," with a sneer.

"I do not love him. You may spare your sneers. I don't profess to love him, and he is content."

"He thinks, poor old dunce, that it will come in time."

"He does not, you wicked, hateful mask! He knows that I respect and like him, and that is enough for him."

"It would not be enough for me, then," calmly refolding his arms.

"You—and who cares for you? No one, I'm sure!" mockingly.

"Very likely not," quite placidly; "but some day or other you may see and love a younger and handsomer man.

"Goodness knows you might easily do that," contemptuously; "and you may even run away with him. I wonder if it will be enough for him under these circumstances."

"I see you brought me here only to insult me!" said Rosamond, rising with much dignity. "You need not come with me; I prefer finding my own way back alone.

"Stay!" rising and rudely interposing himself between her and her only mode of exit.

"Do not leave me in anger. You have told me that you are going to marry again, and this time for money; that you may do good works, and thus, I suppose, to your own conscience expiate some deed that wears and frets it day by day—if conscience you have.

"And talking of evil deeds, conscience, and such matters brings me to my third, and last, question. Tell me," he said, leaning over her, and taking each of her hands in his.

"Rosamond Gordon, on your honor and word," and looking her full in the face, "what have you done with your child?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"AND is even this not to be spared me?" she cried, staggering slightly, with ashen lips and wild, agonized eyes: then sinking once more down on the seat from which she had just risen she buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

The masked Hussar, standing by immovable, and as unmoved as fate, observed her shaking shoulders, observed the tears one by one stealing through her fingers and falling on her lap without a qualm of pity.

Fortunately for them the winter garden was empty—the weird strains of one of Strauss's valses had called all dancers back to the ball-room.

How strange it sounded, the dance music and this accompaniment of a woman's sobs; but these sobs had no effect upon Allan.

"It is remorse," he said to himself, emphatically. "She is sorry now, and well she may be! Well, I am waiting," he said when the first passionate outburst had subsided and her sobs had died away into long drawn, gasping sighs.

Her next movement took him completely off his guard.

"How dare you!" she cried, vehemently, "you bad man! who for your own ends wish to get me into your power, and to crush me to the earth!" pausing, and struggling for composure, as she gazed at him with wet, defiant eyes, as if some poor deer driven to bay.

"How dare you so much as name my poor little baby to me. Did you think, did you hope, that I murdered it?" she asked, with renewed passion; "you, who, I suppose, are some messenger of the child's father, who deserted me——"

"I know that. Whatever he did or did not do you deserted your unfortunate child Mrs. Gordon."

"I? I. Why not say I murdered it at once! Don't scruple to think it, if you please. It does me no harm, nor is, dear little angel."

"But did you desert it," he continued, persistently. "You gave it to Mother Nan to nurse; you paid her for its keep—seven shillings a week—and then you forgot it."

"How plainly it is seen that it is a man that is speaking," she exclaimed, mockingly. "No woman would talk so foolishly. A woman would know that no other woman would abandon her helpless little infant.

"Do you place me, oh, clever, far-seeing fortune-telling mask, below the very animals?" with biting irony.

"Why, even a cat would not desert a kitten, a hen her chickens! Pray, how much lower in the social scale than them do you consider me?"

"You would make an admirable actress, Mrs. Gordon, but still you have not answered my question. You had a baby, I believe. What did you do with it? Where is it?"

"Oh, why should I have to tell you?" fiercely. "What is it to you to know where it is? Is it that he may know? or—is he dead?"

"Never mind him. Tell me—tell me where you left it."

"In Drydd churchyard," she gasped. "In Drydd churchyard. Now are you satisfied? Under a little green mound near the Lych gate.

"You can see it if you choose, with a cross at the head, with no name. Poor little darling it had none. You who seem to hate me, to know the worst of me, to revel in all my most agonizing griefs must be quite happy now to know that I had never even the consolation of holding my baby in my arms, of even seeing its face, like other more fortunate mothers. It"—half-talking to herself "oh! if I had only seen its dear little face once, to have the memory of it to think of, to live upon, if I had even held its dead body in my arms it would have been something, but oh!"—with tears raining down her face—"to think that I never saw it at all!

"If ever I get to Heaven to think that I shall not know my own child! Oh! if it had only lived I would have not minded the other loss so much."

"But I always understood that it had lived," said the mask, in a hoarse and rather shaken voice. "How was it you never saw it?"

"I was ill, dying. They all thought the one grave would hold us both. How I wish it had. And for days I knew nothing. I was as if I was dead, and when I came back to consciousness and looked for it, for all I had, for what was to be everything to me, the cradle was empty, the little clothes I had toiled over late and early were folded away. It was dead and buried."

There was no mistaking the agony of the mother's heart, her firm belief in the death of the infant, her grief after five years still fresh, and keen, and pitiful, her quivering lips, her tearful eyes.

Allan could not trust himself to speak. He turned away, and looked intently into the conservatory in silence.

Poor Rosamond, to be some day—soon, oh! very soon—happy Rosamond, although Tommy had never worn the dress nor lain in the cradle.

He felt that he would like to go down upon his knees and kiss the hem of her dress, and humbly beg her pardon for having so long wronged her in thought.

It was, then, Mrs. Brand who had made away with her baby.

No wonder there was a yawning gulf between her and her daughter.

"I hope you are satisfied now, and will permit me to return to the ball-room," said the young lady, at last.

"If having torn and lacerated every feeling that is left in my heart to their utmost extent, if having caused me the most poignant anguish I have known for a long time if having opened old wounds afresh pleases you, you have every right to be a happy man.

"You have succeeded in your endeavors in a manner worthy of a better cause. And now, sir"—as a sudden lull came in the band, a loud sound of laughing, and a buzz of talk—"Harken, the clock strikes two. Time is up. You will have the goodness to unmask."

Seeing his evident reluctance, his desire to escape, she sprang between him and the passage, and said—

"Know who you are I will. Oh, mine enemy," with a strangely unpleasant laugh, "it is my turn now. You shall not escape. Wherever you go I will follow you, so unmask! unmask!"

But still he did not move, but stood irresolute.

"If you will not, it shall be done for you. I will call one of the stewards. I will proclaim you to everyone.

"I will say that presuming on this covering over your false face you have persecuted me most cruelly all the evening, and now are afraid to take the consequences. You coward!"

This was a taunt there was no withstanding. So the white Hussar said—

"Patience, patience, and you shall see who I am," as with slow and lingering fingers he untied the mask, removed it from his face with still slower movement, and disclosed to Rosamond's petrified, horrified gaze the familiar features of Lord Kingsford.

"You never suspected that it was me," he said, in a rather hesitating manner, as he glanced at her appealingly.

"I never did. I never thought so badly of you. Oh, I would not have believed it," gazing into his face as if he were some new and horrible species of the human race—as if she could not believe her eyes. "What object had you in raking up my past, in talking to me"—with trembling lips—"of my dear little dead baby.

"There are other ways of giving pain than striking or stabbing people, just as cruel, as cowardly, and as unmanly. I never, never thought," with a sob in her voice, "that Tommy's father could have, could have," and here she found further speech impossible.

"Rosamond, my darling Rosamond! Listen to me, I implore you," he urged, taking her by the hand in a distracted manner.

"Rosamond, your darling," she cried, turning once more towards him with a face of flame.

"That is enough. You forget that you are a married man, my lord, and you forget that you are a gentleman, as you have forgotten all the evening that I am, nothing but a defenceless woman, whom you have amused yourself with cross-questioning, torturing, and finally insulting, and now," sweeping her satin train aside and confronting him with growing angry eyes, "as long as you and I live, Lord Kingsford, never presume to speak to me again," and holding her head very high, with the gait of an offended princess, Rosamond walked down the conservatory, was beset by a crowd of eager would-be or defrauded partners the instant she appeared in the door, and was at once lost to sight, whilst Lord Kingsford remained standing exactly where she had left him, looking like one who has received some violent and stunning and unexpected blow, and with feelings that may be better imagined than described.

* * * * * *

The Chanoinesse, women are better at keeping up a part than men, danced with her usual elan and spirit for the remainder of the night, and to submit to a little mild chaff about her very, very long and marked absence in the conservatory with the white Hussar.

People said she was quite the beauty of the evening, but that was nothing new. Strangers were, as usual, enthusiastic, but her own friends thought her not looking her best.

She was very pale.

Her gaiety seemed not very spontaneous; and one or two of her dearest lady friends whispered behind their fans that she "looked as if she had been crying. She had evidently had a scene with that mysterious white Hussar.

"Who could he have been? Probably some old lover.

"Ah, these old lovers! How tiresome they are, and will they turn up? especially when they are not wanted."

As for the white Hussar, he never appeared again in the ball-room.

He made his way home alone, and was very reticent to all questions anent how he had enjoyed himself, when his merry companions, looking very fagged indeed, as if they had been up all night, which, by the way, they had, met at breakfast next morning.

"You had no end of a case on with the pretty Chanoinesse," said one, heedlessly. "Don't let old Somers catch you at it; and you seemed to be having it pretty well all your own way, too." Query? Had he.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LORD KINGSFORD now found himself in a most awkward dilemma, and what to do he knew not.

The more he turned over the subject in his brain the more puzzled he became, first swayed one way, then another.

His mind was tossed about in a perfect storm of doubts.

Rosamond was cleared, entirely cleared, and at what cost.

She hated him in his character of Lord Kingsford, and had forbade him ever to speak to her again.

How was he to approach her and declare himself?

Not through the medium of Lord Kingsford, and how could she separate him in her mind from Allan Gordon?

The truth must come out now at once, for matters were becoming more and more complicated.

Supposing Rosamond accepted this millionaire, Rosamond, his wife? The possibility of this must be put a stop to at once, but how?

Who was he to tell, who take into his confidence, Colonel Brand, Mrs. Brand, she who had been the cause of most of Rosamond's troubles?

She had poisoned her mind against him, worked upon a naturally credulous, timid, and easily led girl, had hardened her heart by robbing her of her baby in the most cruel manner, and changed the Rose of Drydd into the callous, worldly-minded Miss Rosamond Dane.

And yet Rose was not quite as hard as she seemed.

Should he ever forget her overwhelming emotion the previous night, the face of despair?

He had touched the one soft vulnerable corner in her heart—the memory of her child.

Poor Rose! She had had a hard trial, a sad life, since the days he had met her first.

What punishment was foul enough to inflict upon her mother, who had not scrupled to wrest her daughter's good name from her and to break that daughter's spirit, quench all hope, and bruise her heart?

These thoughts were very busy in Allan's brain as he trotted along on his gallant grey hunter on his way to a neighboring meet.

Very few of the inmates of the inn had been sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of the night to put in an appearance; but he felt confident that a rare gallop would brighten up his faculties, and clear his brain more thoroughly than anything else.

And there was a pretty strong gathering out despite the dissipation of the previous night—several ladies.

One slight figure on a chestnut thoroughbred he recognized at once, with a burly-set figure on a tall hunter by her side—Rosamond, of course, and Colonel Brand.

They met in a narrow lane, where all the hounds and field were going down to draw a gorse-cover a couple of fields off.

To Colonel Brand's beaming salutation he

replied at once by lifting his hat,and riding up beside them.

He looked at Rosamond interrogatively, Colonel Brand having made room for him to ride between them.

His very boot touched the offside of her saddle as he said, in his ordinary way—

"Good morning, Miss Dane. I hope you are not very tired this morning. Awfully sporting of you to come out!"

Would she keep her word? Would she speak to him or not? For some moments he received no reply.

The fair, clear-cut profile was resolutely turned away.

Then she moved her head and suddenly gave him one look, just one, of unmixed indignation, of blighting contempt; and with a sudden plunge forward, caused by a vicious dig of her spur, she joined another party just in front, and in another moment was galloping along with them down to the cover, leaving Colonel Brand and Lord Kingsford alone.

"You must not mind her," said the former, apologetically; he had a great respect for the titled young man in the scarlet coat riding beside him, with his lips tightened rather curiously beneath his big dark moustache.

"None of us mind Rosamond," soothingly. "She has a queer temper sometimes, and she is in one of what we call her 'dark moods' to-day. A run with the hounds will do her all the good in the world."

"Is it true that she is going to be married?" said his companion.

"I don't know. She is just as likely to throw up her head and bolt out of it as not. She has no great liking for the fellow. It's a one-sided affair."

Colonel Brand was diplomatic. If Lord Kingsford was sounding him, so much the better.

He would far prefer a rich nobleman with a place like Arnuine Court for his son-in-law than this somewhat plebeian millionaire.

"She is hard to please, then? No hurry, no hurry!" in answer to Colonel Brand's flurry; "they are only putting the hounds into cover now!"

"Yes, very. The fact is," confidentially dropping his voice, "she had a very bad case once, when she was quite a girl; fellow behaved like a scoundrel, and she has never got over it!"

"Oh, really!" looking down at his stirrups.

"It has, so to speak, put her against men, and all thought of marrying. Of course she has had scores of offers; but it has always been no."

"So it would seem. Hullo! he's in it!" alluding to the fox, and setting his hoarse into a sharp canter.

There he goes, with the prospect of a good run, with a good horse under him, and young blood in his veins.

He cast behind him all care for the present, and was dashing through a stiff thorn hedge before Colonel Brand had realized that he was gone.

Rosamond was well away with the hounds, too.

Allan saw her blue habit speeding across a field to the left.

She evidently knew what she was about and no mistake.

She came out under a tree, and was soon in the same field as himself.

They took the next fence together, side by side.

On they went; now in the same line, now diverging, he leading of the two; up hill and down dale, over brooks, hedges, marshes and stile, till the fox was run into within a hundred yards of a friendly cover in a plantation, just eight miles from where he had been viewed away.

The brush was handed to the only lady up, it was by rights Lord Kingsford's property, for he had been the only man with hounds when they had run into the fox, and he had saved it.

He did not dare to present it in person to the fair Diana, who remained at some little distance aloof on her panting, blowing chestnut, with distended nostrils and extended fore'legs; he had had enough of it if she had not.

Presently Colonel Brand came touring up—a little late, and bearing traces of briars across his ruddy face.

"Good run, capital spin, Kingsford. I say come and dine with us this evening, quite without ceremony."

The bidden guest glanced over to Miss Dane, now surrounded by a mob of Nimrods, and made up his mind on the spot to say "Yes," and accepted at once, with much politeness.

"I suppose you are not coming our way?" continued Colonel Brand, affably.

"No, it's pretty early yet; we're safe for a run from here, and I've got a fellow somewhere about with my second horse; so, good-bye for the present," trotting away.

On his way home Colonel Brand informed his step-daughter of his invitation, and who it was that was coming to take "pot-luck."

She listened in perfect silence, made no remark of any kind, but she inwardly resolved to lay the case before her mother, and to utterly and firmly decline to meet Lord Kingsford on any terms whatever.

When they had reached home she changed her muddy habit, swallowed a cup of tea, and then went (a most unusual proceeding) to her mother's room, and knocked at her door with her knuckles.

"Come in, come in," said a languid voice, and the open door revealed Mrs. Brand lying on a sofa, novel in hand, in a rose-colored, satin-quilted dressing gown, what she called "resting for dinner."

"Oh, dear me!" in a tone of amazement. "Is it you, Rosamond? So you have come home. What is it?" rather peevishly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lost and Found.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

SHE WAS a proud woman always, and just now she was a very angry one.

Her fine figure was drawn up to its utmost height, her brown eyes flashed so they looked black, and a vivid crimson burned on her cheek, whose brightness no oriental rouge could ever hope to rival.

Imogene Leigh had always been handsome, to-night she was magnificent.

Charles Greyland could not help admiring her, even while her glance of scorn burned into his soul, and crushed out the deep love he thought he bore her.

He was rich and she was poor, and in that fact lay the cause of the trouble.

Some kind friend had insinuated that Imogene was about to marry Mr. Greyland for his money, and Greyland in a moment of pique, occasioned by Imogene's dancing twice with a handsome cousin of her own, had let fall something of the kind in her hearing.

Of course, Greyland was a fool, but not so much of a one that he was not sorry for his folly the instant the thing was done; but he was too proud to say so.

He did not for a moment believe that Imogene's love for him was influenced by his fortune; he had only spoken thus because he was angry, and angry people are generally idiots for the time being.

Never would he forget the flash of Imogene's eyes, or the keen sarcasm of her tone, as she answered him—

"You are free, Mr. Greyland. A man with a soul so small that he deems a few paltry thousands of more consequence than himself, should seek a mate from among his own kind. Take back your ring. It is a diamond, and as such no doubt valuable to you."

He set his heel on the bauble, and ground it into the carpet; then he said a few angry words, for which he would always be sorry, and left her.

I am making only a few words over what it was very bitter for both these proud hearts to experience—what they both said; to themselves, had wrecked their lives, and destroyed their faith in human kind.

They went their separate ways, and tried their best to show their face to the world bright and gay.

You who have lived through an experience like this—and many of you have been thus unfortunate—know how very hard it is to be cheerful enough, without overdoing it.

Imogene succeeded admirably; but Mr. Greyland overshot the mark, and people said it was frivolous.

About this time Miss Atherton came to the place where our disunited lovers dwelt, and here was a field of labor just suited to her.

She had been for some years in pursuit of a rich husband, but the man she desired to honor was slow in making his appearance, and there was a strong prospect that Miss Atherton, in spite of her manifold attractions, would have to die an old maid.

Mr. Greyland was the very subject to her.

She set herself at once to work to conquer him.

She flattered him, she deferred to him, she asked his opinion in every trifling thing, and poor Greyland's heart was so sore that he was glad of anything by way of balsam.

The very day that he had made up his mind to propose, fate stepped in and did a good stroke of business for him.

A great financial crisis occurred, and swept away nearly every pound he possessed, and in twenty-four hours the news was all over the place; and when, a day or two afterwards, Greyland, aching for sympathy and love, went to call on Miss Atherton, she was "not at home," though he could have sworn he heard her voice at the top of the stairs, and that ended their acquaintance.

Miss Atherton married a seventy-five year old millionaire, who willed all his property to a home for old women when he died; and Greyland became misanthropic, and took to keeping dogs and smoking cigars innumerable.

Things were not so bad with him as at first seemed.

He had, after all, a few thousands left.

He went into business on a small scale, but the confinement of the counting-house injured his health, and sometime in the summer his physician sent him to the country to recruit.

Meanwhile, Imogene Leigh had become an heiress.

A great aunt of hers, after living fifteen years beyond the age of man, and tormenting the lives almost out of everybody who had anything to do with her, had died respectfully one night in her bed, and when the will was opened, her greedy relatives found that she had bequeathed everything to a great niece they had scarcely heard of.

But it was no use to get angry, and so they were all very sweet and affectionate when Imogene came and took possession of Beechlawn.

But the girl found the great house very lonely, and so in July she joined Mrs. Kendal's party and went to the seaside.

And it so happened that at the hotel the names of Imogene Leigh and Charles Greyland stood one above the other on the register.

They met at breakfast.

Imogene, in her crimson morning robe, with her silky black hair rippling down over her shoulders, and her white hands sparkling with diamonds—not his diamonds, however—looked very fair and queenly as she sat opposite to him and sipped her coffee, and carried on a brilliant fire of repartee with Mr. Kendal.

To have seen her and Greyland, nobody would ever have dreamed that they had once been all the world to each other.

Two and three days passed.

Somebody introduced Mr. Greyland and Miss Leigh, and they had exchanged a few well-bred platitudes and drifted apart.

That night Greyland tossed until morning on his bed, audibly anathematizing the mattress for his restlessness, and Miss Leigh nearly succeeded in making herself believe that the wind in the corridors was keeping her awake.

Next morning Greyland started off alone for the hills.

Everybody told him to take a guide, and spoke of the danger of going into those wilds alone, but he laughed at them.

He was not going to convert himself into a hero by getting lost, not he.

He should dine at the top of the hills, and be back in season for stewed partridge at the hotel.

Imogene sat doing some trifle in green Berlin wool, and heard every word.

Of course it was nothing to her any way, but after Mr. Greyland disappeared in the scrubby evergreens, she was conscious of a feeling of something lost out of the brightness of the day. But she would not indulge in it.

She walked down to the beach, and then she had a little sail, and by that time it was noon.

Clouds began to gather over the summit of the hill.

A party who had ascended early in the morning came down drenched, and by-and-bye the equestrians who had gone up just after Greyland's departure returned.

A storm was in progress.

The mist and fog were almost blinding, and Mr. Greyland had not been seen or heard from.

Grave apprehensions were entertained for his safety among those who best understood the danger of being lost on the hills, and the gentlemen stood apart in knots, and discussed the matter with serious faces.

The night of storm and gloom wore slowly away, and the morning broke cold and wet.

Imogene sat by the open window, just as she had sat all night, listening to the wild howl of Rudolph, the beautiful pet hound of the missing man, which had been left chained in his master's room.

With the first gleam of dawn, a party of half a dozen friends of Greyland sallied forth to search for him.

All day they scoured the hill paths, only to return at night as they went.

No trace of him had been discovered.

Another dismal night, and another misty morning, and again they went forth on their quest, this time with little hope of finding him alive.

Imogene heard what they said, and for a moment her heart stopped.

She knew now that in spite of all the scorn she had tried to feel for Charles Greyland, she had never ceased to love him.

And now he might be dead.

No, no!

She would not admit the thought.

He must be living.

God, who was so good, who loved all his creatures, would surely suffer her to find him, to ask his pardon for the past, to tell him that in spite of everything, she loved him still.

She threw a shawl over her shoulders, and went to the room he had last occupied.

The key was not there, but her own key fitted the lock.

She went in and released the dog, which sprang into her arms with a cry almost human in its sorrow and despair.

She pressed the wretched animal to her breast, for had not he loved and caressed Rudolph?

She said not a word to anyone, but preceded by the dog, she took the path she had seen Greyland take.

Rough and stony, barred by brushwood, and obstructed by gullies, she found the way, but she followed the dog.

All the long forenoon she went on, faint, almost despairing, and so weary that it seemed at each successive step as if she must sink down.

Rain, mist, and fog were all around her; she could see scarcely a rod in advance, and many a time she trod the extreme edge of a precipice all unaware.

And Rudolph led her on.

At last they found him.

The glad barking of the dog a little ahead sent joy to Imogene's heart.

She sprang forward and sank down helpless by the side of Charles Greyland.

He was sheltered by a rock, and was smoking a cigar, and altogether seemed quite comfortable for a man who had been two nights lost on the hills.

Imogene would have fallen back on her pride even now, but it was too late.

Greyland had her in his arms, and was kissing her cold lips in a way that made all attempts at resistance useless.

"You did love me after all, darling," he cried, "and I thank Heaven for being lost, and I don't mind the wet, cold and hunger a bit. Put your arms round my neck, dear, and tell me that you forgive my hateful conduct of a year ago, and tell me that you love me."

And she obeyed him meekly enough, while Rudolph capered around them and expressed his satisfaction in a series of joyful howls, which woke the echoes for miles around.

The party out in search heard the dog, and were guided to the spot, and by sundown everybody was safely in the hotel.

Two months afterwards, Charles Greyland and Imogene were married, and a happier home than theirs I do not think you have ever seen.

Neither do I think that a more contented, self-satisfied looking dog than Rudolph exists.

Scientific and Useful.

GROUND GLASS.—A good substitute for ground glass is made as follows: Work together equal parts of white lead and common putty until quite soft, then form it into a ball and roll it over the surface of the glass, and a ground glass appearance is the result.

GUNCOTTON.—An application of guncotton is said to have been made in such a manner that it will eventually supersede the use of steam for the purpose of light locomotion and driving small machinery. Details of the invention are withheld until a public exhibition of its utility is made.

REPAINTING.—Two ounces of soda dissolved in a quart of hot water will make a ready and useful solution for cleaning old painted work preparatory to repainting. This mixture, in the above proportions, should be applied when warm, and the woodwork afterward washed with water to remove all traces of the soda.

FROZEN PIPES.—Now that the cold weather is approaching, or with us, it ought to be remembered that a covering of felt nicely put on pipes prevents the water from freezing in them and all the train of evil consequences which frozen water-pipes entail, unless the cold is unusually severe or the spell of frost unusually protracted.

MAN'S VISION.—Civilization has its drawbacks. It is said that not only has the acuteness of vision of civilized man fallen below the standard common among savage nations but at the same time the eyes of civilized man often depart from the normal or approximately spherical formation, either becoming flattened from front to back so as to bring the retina too near the surface, or elongated from front to back so as to remove the retina too far from the surface.

BOOTS AND LEATHER.—A German technical journal says that the advantage gained in having the flesh side of the leather soles of boots and shoes outside is mainly the peculiar facility it affords in the application of grease for preserving the leather, since the pores are so much larger, besides permitting the introduction of fine sands or iron filings, etc., which increase the resistance to wear. Again, if the more compact portion of leather be outside, when the outer layer is worn away it leaves the interior in a soft and tender state, which abrades very rapidly, while if the soft side be first exposed it may be protected, as above mentioned, and what remains leaves a compact layer, even when worn down almost to the thinness of paper.

Farm and Garden.

THE ANT.—The ant is said to be an active and efficient destroyer of the canker-worm. They seize the worms, which feed on the leaves, and bear them to their nests in the ground. It is claimed that they also attack the army worm.

PLASTER.—There is no certain rule about the use of plaster on clover. In some situations a bushel will yield a ton; in others it does no more good than so much road dust. It should be tried in all localities where fertilizers are needed.

FEEDING PIGS.—Whatever method of feeding pigs is adopted, it should be liberal. Let the quarters be dry and comfortable, and disturb them as little as possible. Pigs are, in part, hibernating animals, and the more they sleep the better for them and their owner. A good hog eats and sleeps alternately.

APPLES.—Apples keep best when stored in close barrels, in a dry place of even temperature. They should not be stowed away until the weather is somewhat cool, and will do better in the orchard until the season is rather advanced. Much depends upon the variety, however, and the climate also affects their keeping qualities.

ORCHARDS.—If you are going to set a new orchard remember that it is an excellent way to prepare a plan of the orchard, showing the position of each tree, its variety, etc. If a tree dies it can be replaced by one of the same sort. Some fruit-raisers keep a book in which they register the age and variety of every tree in their orchard, together with any item in regard to its grafting, productiveness, treatment, etc., which are thought to be desirable.

ENSILAGE.—Recent experiments with feeding for milk demonstrates that ensilage gave as much butter as hay, bran and meal fed together, and therefore ranks as an economical food. It is best, however, to use it as a supplement to other foods. The churning quality of milk was found to bear no exact relation to the chemical composition, and the churn is therefore the only reliable implement for determining the butter quality of milk in practical dairying.

BUTTER.—Butter is slower coming in the winter season than when the weather is warmer, the cream usually being at too low a temperature. Those who churn by guesswork will be hours doing that which may be done in a much shorter time by the use of a thermometer. In winter the temperature should be 64 degrees and in summer 62 degrees. In winter the cream may become cooler and in summer warmer, hence it is best to start one or two degrees warmer in cold weather and two degrees cooler in warm weather.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 3, 1885.

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"DOUBLE CUNNING."

In this week's issue of THE POST we begin a new serial by the famous English author, George Manville Fenn, entitled, "Double Cunning: A Tale of a Transparent Mystery." It is outside the regular style of serials, but will be found one of the most highly dramatic and interesting tales ever written. Those who remember his "Beneath the Sea," and "Under Wild Skies," can be assured that "Double Cunning" even excels those capital romances in incident, point and charm of narration.

THE NEW YEAR.

By the time this number of THE POST reaches our readers the spirit of the New Year will be approaching, if it be not already present. The time is fit, therefore, that while the Old hands his sceptre to the New, and 1885 takes the crown of 1884, we should pause for a moment and reflect on matters past and to come.

It is more than possible that with many the year gone by is marked in the book of Time with more or less trouble and woe. And it it is likely that even those in whose lives there was more of silver lining than of gloomy cloud, could wish that many things had been brighter and better than they were. Still, on the whole, it is not too much to hope for, perhaps, that the worriments of the past may only serve to render more keenly enjoyable the comforts and the blessings now on their way.

While we wish for each and all of the readers of THE POST every prosperity of mind and body in the year upon whose threshold we stand, it may be permitted us to say how we hope to contribute thereunto. That in the twelve months gone we have weekly tried to send them a cheerful budget of pleasure and information in our columns, all, we trust, will concede. And if we do not do as well, or even better, in the coming year, it will be because impossibility puts it beyond our reach.

We do not think a nobler resolution for any and all could be put in a better form than this, and, therefore, we make it. THE POST has seen many New Years—very nearly the allotted three-score and ten—but it believes its field for good was never larger, its capacity for work greater, or its determination to fill the one, and perform the other, stronger than now. And as one duty done fits the mind for the better performance of that which follows, so THE POST regards its many serviceable years in the past as so many incentives to renewed exertion in the present. What, then, it can do in the way of lighting a dull hour for its friends, of giving pure literature, entertainment to young and old, to the solitary and the family, it will do with all its heart. It remembers with joy and gratitude the millions of American homes where it has been a welcome visitor, not only at the festival, but all other seasons of the year; and the memory is such a pleasant one, we desire to continue the custom with old friends, and extend it to as many new ones as is possible. So, wishing that all may have as many kind things to say of the New Year as we hope they can say of the old—and promising to be a better companion than ever ourselves—we say to all: A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE present population of the world is 1,294,533,973, of whom 7,931,080 are Jews, and 370,878,066 are Christians. This leaves over 900,000,000 to be classed as heathens.

—

OXFORD, Eng., which has special privileges in the matter of printing Bibles, uses paper enough each year for Bibles alone to form a band nine inches wide around the earth.

—

THE presence of cholera in Paris has given all descriptions of sharks and quacks a chance to dispose of worthless concoctions in the way of medicines and stimulants at a handsome price.

—

SENATOR PALMER, of Michigan, who has an income of upward of $200,000 a year, says: "The happiest man is the one who has the most illusions. There are only three substantial things that you can get out of this life, and the man who can get those at the required intervals is as well off as the richest. The three realities are a full stomach, a good suit of clothes, and a bed to sleep in. Everything else belongs to the realm of illusions."

—

WESTERN farmers, tired of all the pools being in the hands of the railroads, have organized a potato pool. The farmers propose to erect large warehouses, and in other matters place themselves in position to meet the speculators and railroads upon their own grounds.

—

MANY of us have to lament, not so much a want of opportunities in life as our unreadiness for them when they come. "It might have been," is the language of our hearts oftener than the words of complaint and murmuring. God sends us flax, but our spindle and distaff are out of repair or mislaid, so that we are not ready to use them.

—

REPORT comes from Berlin that the Government intends to establish so-called labor bureaus, whose duty it shall be to keep an exact control regarding the offers of and the demand for labor in the different branches of industry throughout the country, in order that employers who need workmen may know where to find them, and that laboring men may learn where to get something to do.

—

ELECTRIC bells have been placed in every committee room in the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington. Heretofore, when senators were to be summoned from committee rooms to answer a roll-call, pages had to be sent to the various rooms, much inconvenience and delay resulting. Now a touch upon a button in the Senate Chamber will notify senators in their committee rooms that a vote is to be taken, or that for some other reason their presence is required in the Chamber.

—

IF people generally knew what advantage to them it was to be cheerful, there would be fewer sour faces in the world and infinitely less ill-temper. A man never gains anything by exhibiting his annoyance by his face, much less by bursting into passion. As it is neither manly nor wise to yield like a child pettishly to every cross, so it is alike foolish and absurd to allow feelings of anger to deprive us of self-control. There never was a man in any controversy who lost his temper who did not come near losing his cause in consequence.

—

A LONDON magistrate has won great popularity among the lower classes by rebuking from the bench an employer for engaging German workmen. There are now over 20,000 Germans in London—mostly waiters, barbers and tailors—who are working for far lower wages than the English used to get. The three trades mentioned are almost entirely monopolized by them and wages in all three have been lowered to the German standard. As a result there is a bitter feeling there against the Germans. It is almost as strong as the feeling in California against the Chinese.

—

THE wide range of colors which science has put at our command, the growth of distributing means, and the modification of taste due to a more intimate acquaintance with the harmonies of nature, have limited the range of our sentiment. In some departments it has almost disappeared: in others it shows signs of decay. Color in dress is now rarely a sentiment except at weddings and funerals. Complexion, individual taste and fitness are the only admitted regulators. We no more think of looking for sentiment in the color of a lady's everyday dress than the tailor thinks of finding a reason for the two buttons over the flap of a gentleman's coat.

—

THERE is a proposition to build a continuous line of railway from London to Bombay, a distance of about 5,000 miles. The line would cross into Africa at Gibraltar, and from Tangiers connect with lines already in operation in Algeria, across Morocco via Tunis and Tripoli to Cairo, thence by way of the Isthmus of Suez down the River Euphrates and along the Persian Gulf shore to a connection with the Indian system of railways which runs to Bombay. The project has been revised by a joint commission of English and French engineers, and it will be a continuous land line from London, except the crossing of the Straits of Dover and Gibralter. When it is completed America will be compelled to get Gould and Vanderbilt to combine long enough to build the railway line to South America via the Isthmus of Panama, in order that the new world may not be eclipsed by the old.

—

A PERFECTLY healthy, full-grown man of 154 pounds weight will be made up thus: Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood which would drain from the body, 7 pounds. This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beefsteak, 5000 grains; bread, 600 grains; milk, 7000 grains; potatoes, 300 grains; butter, 600 grains; and water, 22,900 grains. His heart should beat 75 times a minute, and he should vitiate 1750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent.; a man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 cubic feet of well-ventilated space.

—

THE higher the civilization, the later the dinner hour; so invariable is the rule that the position of a nation in the scale of refinement might be gauged by simply ascertaining at what hour its aristocracy dines. In all semi-barbarous ages people have fed early. One of the causes of the death of Louis XII., of France, is said to have been the alteration of the royal dinner-time from some extraordinary early hour in the morning till noon. Queen Elizabeth died at about 11 or 12, Charles II. about 2, and the Georges about 4. With every succeeding generation the labors of the day have grown longer, more exacting, and more numerous, and pushed the time for rest later and later.

—

A WELL EDUCATED person who possesses a college sheepskin, reads his Bible, his Shakespeare, and the daily papers, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find a word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakspeare, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any writer in the language, produced all his plays with about 13,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,462 words. In the English language there are all told about 70,000 words.

—

"MR. GLADSTONE," according to a London journalist, "performs the operation of hand-shaking in three stages. First, he takes your outstretched member softly in his grasp, so that the fork of your stump and the fork of his are in the closest possible contact and alliance. Then you learn that the Premier's hand is cool, soft and elastic; full of tiny muscles and bones, and all alive, as it were. There is reassurance, invitation and interrogation, cordiality, zest and confidence. And now comes the grip, which is the second stage of the process. It is firm and decisive, and lasts as long as it takes the Premier to inquire after your health and to welcome you, if you are welcome. Lastly, you are released with a sorrowful clutch, that delays the departure of your finger-tips to the last quarter of a second."

—

THERE are many families in which the really absurd practice prevails of retaining the same set of Christian names from generation to generation, with the natural result that each member of one of these families is constantly mistaken for his father or his cousin. In the giving of names consideration of sentiment should always give way to those of convenience. It is satisfactory to observe that the very commonest of our Christian names are fast losing their popularity, and that the custom of giving double names, and that of surnames as Christian names are becoming more general. These useful innovations are especially to be recommended to the Smiths, the Browns, the Joneses, and all possessors of excessively common surnames. We may reasonably hope that in a generation or two there may be no longer any plain John Smiths to lament the inconvenience of bearing a name which is practically "no name at all."

UPON OURSELVES.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

Old Eighty-four must give its place
  Unto a dozen bright and new.
As time keeps up his ceaseless pace,
  We fain would ask him for a clew:

And shall this prove a happy year?
  Shall health be ours, strong and fair?
Shall bleak misfortune past us steer,
  With dark regret and blighting care?

Shall love and joy shine in our sky,
  With smiling plenty, hosts of friends?
We dream we hear his soft reply:
  "Upon yourselves it much depends."

Just in Time.

BY E. W P.

A LITTLE "sitting-room," furnished as these rooms are in most country places, with a rag-carpet, half a dozen stiff, upright chairs, a table with a marbled oil-cloth on it, and on the mantelpiece an eight-day clock, and a pair of gilt vases, with paper bouquets in them.

On the walls, by way of ornament a picture.

In one chair, a man of fifty, sawing himself backwards and forwards.

In the other, a woman, some five years younger, darning stockings.

Someone ran down the stairs, which led from the room above, and bursting open the door at their foot, launched herself into the room with a jump, that made the floor shake.

A bounding girl, with high color and a waist that told of good health—a pretty girl, full of life and merriment.

She wore a bright muslin dress, and had plenty of ribbon at her waist, in her hair, and about her throat, and she carried her hat in her hand, and crossed the room without a pause until her hand was on the door-latch.

Then—

"Hallo, there, Sylvia," cried the man in the rocking-chair. "Where are you going to?"

"Yes, where be you flyin' this time o' night?" echoed the woman.

"Just a step," replied the girl.

"But where?" repeated the man, sternly.

"To Bessie Smith's father," answered the girl, looking down at the floor.

"What for?" asked the woman.

"To practise for the choir next Sunday, mother," said the girl.

"Well," said the girl's mother, "you can go, then."

"Only be home by ten," said the father.

"Yes, I will," replied Sylvia, and opened the door and sped away.

But once out of reach of any eyes that might have followed her from the door, she turned back upon the path she had taken, crossed the road, and in the deep shadow of tree and bush, passed her own home again, the shadows of her parents in the chairs waving to and fro upon the blinds, giving her a little qualm of terror; and turning into a green lane, which led churchward, heard a low whistle, gave a little chirp in answer, and in a moment more was clasped in someone's arms.

"You are here," said a voice in her ear. "I began to believe those two dragons at home had locked you up for the night. How late you are, dearest."

"You must not speak so of mother and father, Frank," said Sylvia; "and really I had so much to do I could not get off before—the dishes and——"

"Yes, I know, all sorts of household drudgery," said the young man, whose whole dress and manner betokened him a man of fashionable habits, and who wore diamonds, which, if they were genuine, spoke of wealth besides. "Yes, I quite understand. Hasn't the old lady more sense of the fitting than to set you at such work? You! Why, you should never be set at housemaids' tasks. Let me see the little white hands, dear little hands, that might be a queen's. It's a burning shame."

"You see, all girls do housework in the country," said Sylvia, looking up into the eyes of the man beside her, which, even in the starlight, one could see were handsome.

"The richest girls do. Squire Cauliflower's daughter often washes, and Miss Cumbermede, the minister's sister, is always dusting, and——"

"But they are no examples for you," said Frank Shaw. "Miss Cauliflower is a fat, coarse, young person, and Miss Cumbermede very excellent, no doubt, but only a prim old maid, and an ugly one. And you, Sylvia, might be a princess. You are no more like the other girls in Dingleberry than porcelain is like clay."

Sylvia blushed with pleasure and flattered vanity.

She had always thought Miss Cauliflower a handsome, showy girl; and as "the squire's" daughter, a very aristocratic personage; while Miss Cumbermede, whose thick black silks rustled so grandly as she passed up the church aisle, if not so young as she had been, had always seemed to her remarkably ladylike and pleasant.

And now to be told that she excelled them both, not only in beauty, but gentility, was delightful.

"It's a shame," repeated the young man. "But you see your parents don't know your value. If I had not come here, I suppose they would have married you to that rustic with the ill-tempered countenance. What is his name, Silas Patch? And you would have washed dishes, and milked cows for him for the rest of your life. A pretty fate that for you."

"I think you mean Silas Parish," said Sylvia. "And really he is not always so ill-tempered looking. You see he didn't like——"

"Oh, jealous of me," said the young man. "But he was to be your fate, I think. Patching his knees would have been part of your vocation. He had patches on both, if I'm not mistaken, when we met him in woods that day."

"But those were working clothes," said Sylvia. "He does dress well on Sundays. And no wonder he was angry. He used to come to see me quite often, and——"

"Just as I said, I see," said the young man. "Well, you've done with him, and you'll have done with all this soon, if you choose. You have only to say the word, and we are off for London, after that for Paris, and Vienna. And wherever you go you'll be the sweetest and prettiest girl to be seen."

"Oh, Frank," cried the girl, "how perfectly splendid. If only father and mother would consent——"

"That's not likely," answered the young man. "I think what your respected father told me when he last saw me was that he didn't want city chaps he knew nothing about hanging around his daughter. No, my love, you and I must run away. After that we'll talk to the old gentleman."

"But, mother——" sighed Sylvia.

"Mothers always forgive," said the lover.

Poor little Sylvia.

There had been a time when she had no higher aspirations than to be a good housekeeper and Silas Parish's wife.

The white house, with its many gables, and the big poplars about the door, and the fields of wheat and corn beyond the environing apple orchard, had seemed a fine place to hope to be mistress of one day.

But to go to London, and live in luxury and dazzle all beholders, and to have this elegant man for ever her adorer.

This was her dream now.

Could you expect her to possess her soul with patience, as she peeled potatoes in the little back-kitchen, or tucked up her sleeves to help her mother with the washing? Of course not.

It yet seemed to her that even if she were forgiven afterwards, she could not take so terrible a step as to run away, and yet how could she give up her lover.

This wonderful creature, who had seemed almost a visitor from another world, when he first dawned upon her sight?

He knew her heart, and played his cards accordingly.

"Sylvia," he said, as the voice of a clock near by warned the girl that it was time to go home. "Sylvia, darling, the time has come when you must decide between two courses. We must part for ever, or you must be forever mine. I leave this place for ever next Thursday night. Will you go with me?"

"Oh, Frank," panted Sylvia. "Oh, Frank, how can I go? Perhaps father would give me to you if you went and asked him, and people will talk so if I run away. And it would be so much nicer to have a wedding in the village church, and a bridesmaid. I promised Bessie she should stand up with me, and——"

"You see you don't love me. You care more for what people say," said Frank.

"Oh, Frank," cried Sylvia, bursting into tears, "can't you see how dreadfully worried I am?"

And then came kisses and flattery, and the girl promised to leave home with Frank Shaw at nine o'clock on the next Thursday night.

It was the hour for the last train.

There could be no effective pursuit until the next morning.

"Then you will be mine for ever, Sylvia," said Frank.

So the girl left her lover and ran home, as yet not bold enough to brave a little scolding.

But she was not noticed.

"You forgot we had prayers at ten, didn't you, Sylvia?" asked the father.

"Well, practising hymns does make the time fly," said the mother.

And Sylvia's heart throbbed mournfully.

Utterly under the power of her foolish fancy for this stranger as she was, Sylvia was very unhappy as the days wore on.

A decently brought-up girl of old Puritan stock does not take kindly to the breaking of laws.

It was delightful to think of being Frank Shaw's wife, and living in idle elegance ever after, but she greatly would have preferred to enter that blissful state through the regular gateway of a marriage in the village church, with a fine silk dress, her mother and father present, and her friends looking on.

Once or twice her heart almost failed her, but Thursday evening arrived, and the thought that her lover would be waiting in the lane for her had the old magnetic influence.

She must go to him, and, once with him, she must do as he willed.

Love and inexperience blinded her eyes.

She believed him a wonderful being and an elegant gentleman, when, in fact, he was a man of less than ordinary mind, and vulgarly ostentatious manners.

His big ring and pin, his dangling chain and seals, his strut, his brand new clothes, all imposed upon her.

The man was no more genuine than his diamonds; but she believed in both implicitly.

Silas Parish, even when following the plough, with patches on both knees, was much more the gentleman—only, you see, Sylvia did not know it.

Silas Parish, with his honest, up and down desire to pay her his addresses with the knowledge of father and mother, and to marry her and take her to his home with their blessing, was the real lover.

But Sylvia was stone blind under Cupid's glamor.

She was not the first woman so blinded, either.

So Thursday night had come, and the little valise was packed.

It lay hidden where she could place her hand on it, and Sylvia's eyes watched the clock, the hands already pointing to eight.

The next night she should not be there.

Should she ever sit in that little room again, ever see her mother's good face; hear her father, who, though stern at times, really loved her, as she knew, call her by the pet name he used when he was best pleased?

And to-night, in an unwonted moment of softness, he had taken her on his knee and said—

"Why, girlie, you are as pretty as your mother used to be when I first knew her."

Could she go?

Yes, she must.

Frank would wait for her.

Frank, who loved her so.

She had arisen, and was about to make some excuse for slipping out of the house, lest if she tarried longer, those fears should weaken her purpose, when there came a sudden knock at the door.

"Come in," cried the farmer.

And in came a head—a shaggy head, with wild red hair, and below a wilder red chin-beard.

"I'm in a pickle, mister," said the voice. "I'm a-driven' a lady up to 'Baker's Tavern,' and I've got a wheel off. My passenger is a mighty high-strikin' woman, and you orter hear her screech. That's her now."

"Maybe she's hurt," said the wife.

"No," said the man; "no, ma'am. If she was, she wouldn't screech like that."

And the two men plodded out into the darkness, and soon returned, supporting between them a lady, who probably wore upon her person more ruffles, bows, flowers, streamers, and bangles and dangles generally than were ever crowded into the toilet of one female.

The oversetting of the cart, which, beside the passenger, had contained a bag of flour, had greatly disarranged these adornments.

The fanciful hat was more on one side than the milliner had intended it should be, which was saying much.

A cluster of curls, which had supplemented a very handsome head of real black hair, was tied to a button at the waist.

And the general effect was of a lady who had been first dipped into flour, and then had a indiscriminate lot of ribbons and furbelows thrown at her.

However, a farmer's wife never has any sense of the ludicrous—and good Mrs. Hudson only saw the distress, and could not wonder at it when so much good silk and ribbon had been ruined.

She advanced her chair, and said—

"Poor thing, what a shame."

And began with motherly kindness to wipe the skirt with a cloth.

"And, Silvy, make a cup of tea," she said; "strong—there's nothing like it for nerves."

"I'm sure you're ever so kind; and isn't this a state to be in! Oh, that red-headed driver of the cart. He got the wheel off on purpose, I know," said the lady, with faint gasps between her words. "But men are alike. Brutes, every one of 'em. Oh! I ache all over; and don't it seem as if troubles all come together in a heap? Oh!" Looking over her shoulder, she made a grab at her back hair. "I've lost my curls!" said she.

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Hudson; "here they be, if ever I kin get 'em entangled off your buttons."

"Oh, thank you," cried the stranger again; while Sylvia, with an eye on the clock, hastened to make the tea, and wondered whether she should be able to escape maternal vigilance before it struck nine.

"And how am I to go to the inn looking so! And not a change! And he—oh, you don't know what a state my nerves are in! and perhaps you can tell me. I've come down after my husband, you see——"

"Sick at the tavern?" asked Mrs. Hudson, sympathetically.

"Sick? no!" cried the stranger. "Satan takes care of his own. That kind always prospers. Oh, if I catch him! if I only catch him, and bring it home to him! A scoundrel!

"But men are all alike. Don't you ever marry, my dear"—this to Sylvia, now pouring the tea into one of the best china cups. "Never you marry. It's kisses and sweetness when they're courting you, and abuse afterwards.

"But, oh, I'm not one to be put down! I'm not one to bear it, as some wives do! If more were like me, there'd be an end to such capers. Mrs.—— Mrs.——"

"Hudson," said the farmer's wife.

"Yes, Mrs. Hudson. Do you know of anybody by the name of Shaw—Mr. Frank Shaw—at 'Baker's Inn?'"

Sylvia gave a start.

A lump of sugar fell between the spoon and the cup, and crumbled upon the hearth, but she dropped another into the cup, and handed it to the woman in the chair, only too glad to get it out of her own shaking hands.

"Shaw," repeated Mrs. Hudson. "Well, yes; there is a young man of that name at the tavern."

"That's him," said the woman. "And I am his wife."

"Lor'!" said Mrs. Hudson, "we thought he was single."

"No doubt," said the woman. "I heard he passed himself for single, and was courting a great fool of a girl, and that is what fetched me down!

"Yes, I am his miserable wife; and I was a widow, with as good a business left me as ever you could want, by poor, dear Bloggs.

"And Frank Shaw came round me with his soft looks and ways, and I took him—and I can tell you I married in haste to repent at leisure.

"He's squandering my money, and if I find that what I've had written to me is true—that he's making love to a girl down here, leaving me alone to mind the business—I'll leave him just his enough to get home with—that's all."

Sylvia listened.

The truth of this vulgar creature's statement, and the genuineness of her wrath, were but too plain.

Amidst the sudden pangs of murdered love arose a desire for revenge—a sudden longing to see the man who would have tricked her so miserably brought to some such absurd sort of grief as this enraged bit of vulgarity would bring upon him if she met him now.

She stepped forward.

"Mrs. Shaw," she said, "I think you've been rightly informed. Mr. Shaw is said to go to Lovel's Lane every evening to meet a girl. I suppose he is there now, and I'll show you the way."

"Why, Sylvia," cried Mrs. Hudson.

"Oh, let me but find it's true," cried Mrs. Shaw.

And she followed Sylvia to the group of trees which guarded Lovel's Lane.

"They say she gives a little chirp like a bird," said Sylvia; "then he whistles."

She gave the chirp, a whistle answered, and then she let Frank Shaw to his wife's vengeance.

"Law me," said Mrs. Hudson, when she returned. "Why how did you know about that girl, Sylvia?"

"Well, you know, people will talk," said Sylvia, "and I thought I'd risk it."

But she did not go to the door to see Frank Shaw get into the cart with his wife an hour afterwards; nor did she sleep at all that night.

"They say there were bits of jewelry and half a shirt-collar, and some hair scattered about down in Lovel's Lane," said the farmer, next day, "and she abused him all night up at the tavern, and the folks stood and listened. Silvy, gal, don't you see now your father was right when he told you that was a no-account kind of chap, eh?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you glad you didn't go keepin' company with him?" asked the mother.

But neither of them knew how glad, and yet how sad, poor Sylvia was, nor how she prayed for the help and comfort no human hand could give her.

It took a year or two to blot these memories out of the girl's life, but at last they were gone for ever.

And Silas Parish—honest, constant and true, has proved to her long since the worth of a good man's love and that a woman can be happy even amidst humble, domestic cares, if there is one at her side whose truth and tenderness never fail her.

New and Old.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

I AM an ex-policeman—which will account for, and, I hope, excuse, the ruggedness of style and want of polish noticeable in the following story—a true story, too, and one as strange as any that you read in books.

I have only taken the liberty to give fictitious names.

It was the last night of the Old Year. A dense fog hung like a pall over Leeds, and the smoke of the tall factory chimneys of Hunslet and Holbeck deepened and intensified it.

The street lamps were burning at midday; but their sickly, spluttering light only served to warn the wayfarer against knocking his nose against the posts on which they were perched.

The long row of cabs on the Briggate stand loomed through the gloom like so many hearses all out to start on a funeral procession.

Still, the streets were thronged with marketing folk, and the "pub'lics" apparently did a brisk trade, to judge from the number of muffled figures that continually dived down the narrow, ill-odored passages shooting off Briggate and Boar Lane—for many of our oldest-established Leeds "pubs" hide shamefacedly away from the public gaze, up blind courts and suspicious-looking entries.

This day I was on the Briggate beat. I spent most of my time at the corner of Boar Lane, watching the misty tide of humanity surge along.

I am not much of a philosopher; still I could not help pondering on the amount of joy and sorrow, hope and ambition—ay, and crime, too—that floated along on that restless life current.

I was standing in a doorway, in a brown study, from which I was aroused as a dozing man is when a lamp-lighter is suddenly flashed on his half-closed eyes.

What was it that awakened me? you ask. Only a woman's face—and a face, too, I had never seen before.

But there are *faces and faces*, and here was one of those that, once seen, photographs itself for ever on the memory. A wan, sorrow-stricken, unearthly-looking face, and very beautiful.

She looked in my eyes for a moment as if about to speak, then turned away, and was lost in the dark, noisy, living sea. That spectral face flitted by me all the evening. I could not get it out of my mind.

The Old Year was dying in noisy riot, for the wind had begun to blow gustily, lashing

heavy rain-clouds across the sky. It was nearing twelve o'clock, and the streets becoming quite deserted.

I was crouched in a doorway out of the rain, again in a brown study, this time saddened by the memory of the spectral face, when, to my astonishment, the owner of the face herself stood right before me, as though she had just risen from the ground.

"Oh, sir, poor baby is so very ill," she plaintively exclaimed. "Do let him rest on this step while I run across to the doctor; and God bless you."

No feeling man could resist the plaintive voice and sad, appealing eyes. Instead of allowing her to place the child on the cold steps, I wrapped it up in my cape, and cuddled the tiny thing to my breast to keep it warm.

Twelve o'clock boomed out in deep pulsation from the Town Hall clock. The doctor's house was right opposite; but after waiting fully five minutes I thought it strange that I did not see the door open.

I waited ten minutes, half an hour, an hour, and still no signs of the woman's return. "Strange," I thought; "what must have become of her?"

At last I ventured across the street, and rang the night-bell.

The doctor popped his night-capped head out of the window, and asked my business.

"Has a woman been here just now, doctor, for medicine for a sick child?"

"No!"

And the window went down with a snap.

Here was a fix! A policeman cuddling a baby, which had come from nobody knows where, and belonged to nobody knows whom?

How my comrades would jeer if they saw my predicament; or the street scamps I had so often "run in." I opened my cape under the lamp, and gazed down into the little creature's face.

A sweet, bonny face, and the black, bead-like eyes looked up so trustingly into mine that I resolved from that moment to adopt it, if the mother did not return.

But what would wife say? Half a dozen young rascals appeared quite as many as I could provide for.

"No matter," I said, "God will provide."

And when relieved off my beat I made some plausible excuse about my bundle, and proceeded home with my New Year's gift. The wife was waiting for me by the fire.

"A happy New Year, George."

"The same to you, dear. And I have good news for you. The best friend you ever had in this world has sent you a New Year's gift."

"Who, George?"

"God."

And I placed the baby in her arms.

The next day a woman's lifeless body was fished up out of the muddy waters of the Aire.

I knew the pale, ghostly face at a glance, and, strange as it may seem, thanked God that now the baby was really my own.

* * * * *

Years passed, and the shadow of great sorrow rested, it seemed permanently, on our little home.

One by one our children were snatched away from us. When Death once knocks at a door he always returns, like the Indian, in his own footprints. Our foundling was now our only comfort.

We called him, Christian and surname, after myself—George King.

He was tall, dark and handsome—quite distinguished-looking, in fact, and wife often said he was sure to turn out the son of some great man, like the idle castaways who became princes in the fairy tales.

We gave George a good education; and when nineteen he received an appointment as clerk in Sir William Hatfield's office.

I ought to state that Sir William, although Yorkshire born, had only lately come to reside among us.

When George was about six months in his situation, the quick eye of my wife detected a change in him, and drew sage conclusions from the fact. A woman can detect anything but her own little failings.

George, though never slovenly in attire, suddenly became almost foolishly fastidious as to his personal appearance.

Besides, he lost his appetite—a sure sign that a lost heart had preceded the lost appetite. Now, in my courting days, I was never much afflicted with the raptures and pains and anxieties of love.

It was all plain sailing to port with me, and pretty quick sailing, too, for from the day I first set eyes on my intended wife to the day of our marriage was little better than two months, so that I could not be expected to sympathize much with George's injured appetite and dreamy musings. But a little incident happened about this time that set me seriously thinking.

One afternoon, when taking a volume from the book-press, a photograph fell out, on the back of which some gushing love verses were written in George's handwriting. "Poor lad!" I thought after examining the card, "he has run his bark amid rocks and whirlpools at the very start."

I resolved to try and talk him out of this love madness—for the photograph was that of Miss Ada Grahame, the niece of Sir William Hatfield.

That very night I called George aside into our back room.

"George, it will not do." I held the tell-tale photo so that he might see it. "It will never do, lad. You might as wisely try to pluck a star far away from you, and just as hard to secure. Who is she? Sir William's niece, and the prospective owner of something like twenty thousand a year, while you are——"

"Oh! stop! stop! I know who I am! I'm nobody's child; but I know she loves me!" And the poor fellow flung himself on the sofa in a paroxysm of tears.

"Hush, hush, lad—you are my child; and it's because I love you I speak;" and a choking feeling came up in my own throat.

I said no more, and George lived on his madness like the bee on its honey store.

The love romance got whispered about, as might have been expected from Miss Grahame's undisguised love for the fatherless lad.

Matters came to a crisis at last, as I knew they would, and as I had often forewarned George.

One evening, about six o'clock, Sir William's coachman rode up to the door and handed me a note containing a request, very like a command, that myself and "son" would wait on him at his private residence "in an hour's time."

We followed the coachman and were ushered into a room to await Sir William's summons.

When I entered—George was told to remain outside—Sir William and Lady Hatfield were seated together in solemn anger, nursing thunderbolts.

"Policeman, read this!"

And he angrily fluttered into my hand an intercepted epistle of George's. While I was pretending to read, Madame blurted out,

"Your presumptuous son is dismissed from our employ with a bad character."

"He is not my son, my lady, and he is not a bad character," I answered.

"Whose son is he?" asked Sir William, with the thunder-clouds darkening on his brow.

"I don't know, Sir William, neither does the boy."

The thunder-clouds exploded in a torrent of rage. He tugged at the bell and summoned Miss Ada.

As she came in, George, prouder and handsomer than ever, also entered by the opposite door.

"Ada," spoke Sir William, "aware that you have taken my advice of this morning, I have sent for you that this man—nobody's son, he now turns out—may learn from your own lips how you despise him. It will cure his infatuation."

"Oh! but I love him, uncle!"

And the little heroine, with flashing eyes, stood proudly erect, like an uplifted lance.

I have seen tragedy queens in theatres in their grandest moments, but never one so queenly as Ada was that instant.

But there were scenes within scenes. While this was taking place, Lady Hatfield was slowly, drearily advancing towards George, her eyes staringly fixed on his face.

She suddenly clutched him like one demented, and, dragging him right under the blaze of the chandelier, tore open his shirt-front.

Throwing herself on the lad, she shrieked, "Oh, Sir William, the vine leaf! the vine leaf!—my long-lost darling!"

What a moment that was.

Sir William and Miss Ada looked dazed and stupified.

Lady Hatfield had found her son, and had identified him from a purple mark, the exact shape of a vine leaf, on the lad's left breast—I knew the mark well—but more through her deep mother's love.

Other marks of identification were found. But now that the mist had cleared, we all saw the wonderful likeness between mother and son—the same dark eyes, the same haughty air, the same haughty air, the very same trickery of facial expression.

The reader can fill in the remainder of my story. George married Miss Ada; but he still remains a good son to us—a real God's gift.

Why or how the baby was stolen has never been revealed.

That secret was buried with the poor suicide in the waters of the Aire.

The Diamond Earrings.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

THE pretty girl with eager face so full of ambitious longing, so impatient of the dull, monotonous course in which her life ran, was Tessa Archer.

Little wonder that she was possessed of a "restless humiliar" when this visit to Elston Cottage was like a rift of sunshine on a dark day, a break in the routine of distasteful duty by which she earned her daily bread—earned it faithfully and well, if there were times when her very soul seemed to rise in revolt against her hard lot.

Louisa Fairleigh, meeting her in the doorway, hurried her up to the cosy front chamber where a bright fire was burning.

"Oh, Lou! you darling, how glad I am to see you. I'm next to frozen."

"Let me take off your gloves, dear. I made Auntie Elston give you this room because it is the prettiest one in the house, and I'm to share it when she doesn't keep me with herself. She says she wants the good of me when I am here for a while. Have you got anything new?"

"Nothing but a poplin, and oh! how I did have to skimp to manage it. Mrs. Montworth offered me one of her old silks, a green and blue plaid. I declined it with thanks, and she said to be sure I wouldn't need to dress so much in a little place like Elstonville. As if I ever had anything or saw anybody at home."

"Well, you'll have the chance here," said Lou, consolingly. "Auntie always fills the house when Mark and I come. Mark is staying at the hotel this time because an old crony of his is there."

"Isn't it odd that I've never seen your brother, Lou? He wasn't at home, you know, that summer when I spent the vacation with you. It was my last holiday, and I've never set eyes on you since. Sweet, aren't they?"

The pretty straight nose went down to sniff some fragrant pinks.

"Mark got them for me this morning. There were nothing else but camellias, and he says he prefers flowers as he does women—sweet rather than beautiful. Shall I help you to unpack now? Oh, Tess! that Irish poplin is as handsome as silk any day. I haven't got things nicer myself."

"I'll have to keep it for the grand occasions, you know. Tell me what to wear to-night. There's my garnet merino; you'll recognise it as an old acquaintance, next best except a black mohair, and black is so common."

"But in good taste always. The garnet, by all means. You needn't change for an hour yet. Come down and see auntie first, if you're thawed. Who knows but you may make a conquest in the old merino yet? Only last night Fred Morse said he adored garnet."

"Who's he?"

"Mark's crony. He's immensely rich, and tired of the world, I believe. I don't know what else should bring him here."

A little flush which the other did not notice tinged her cheeks as she said it.

"There we are. This is Tess, auntie dear."

"Auntie dear" put out a thin, transparent hand.

She was slowly dying of an incurable disease, but she did not let the knowledge mar her life's usefulness.

"It was good of you to come," she said, smiling brightly. "Lou has rhapsodized of you so much I should have been disappointed if you had not."

It was a way Miss Elston had of making the favors she conferred appear like favors done herself, and in this case, as usual, it had the desired result.

It put Tessa entirely at her ease.

She was such a bright, winsome little thing when she escaped from her one serious failing, discontent, that time flew in the pleasant apartment which did not appear in the least like a sick room.

Miss Elston gave a little exclamation of surprise at last.

"Six o'clock, and yonder come our gentlemen ready for their tea. You two have just time to run up and smooth your hair first."

A voice singing reached them on the stairway.

"That is Diana Hunt," said Lou, with an accent of disgust. "She lolls in her room and reads French novels all day when we are alone, but makes killing toilets and brings all her graces out to air for the evenings. First she tries to captivate Mark—she does him the honor of thinking him a genius, you see—and since she failed to succeed there, she is doing her best to draw in Fred Morse. He has a passion for music, and she knows it. She really has a good voice, and her playing is tolerable, but one hears nothing else from the time he comes until he goes again. It makes me sick."

"Lou, this is the very first time I ever knew you to be uncharitable."

Miss Fairleigh turned to a front window.

"Come here and take a peep, Tess. Tell me what you think of Mark."

The two young men were lingering on the broad walk leading up from the gate, presumably admiring the fading sunset, possibly held by the merits of the excellent cigars they were smoking.

"He doesn't look like you, but I should have known he was your brother without the telling. Two such happy looking persons couldn't exist outside one family anywhere."

"Do you think so?" doubtfully. "All people don't. One day when he was driving me, we had an upset, and bruised a little, and at the place where we stopped to get put to rights again, the woman took him for my husband. I did hope you would like him."

"Better than I do the other one. I wish Miss Hunt joy of her conquest if she secures that knight of the sorrowful countenance. I never could endure these saturnine nonentities such as he looks to be. It's a pity Mark is your brother, Lou; you ought to marry him. Such a handsome couple as you two would make."

There was a comprehending light in Lou's clear eyes, a little amused smile curved the corners of her mouth, but she said nothing.

When they descended to the parlor, and the gentlemen were duly brought up and presented to Tessa, she understood their meaning, for the ceremony which introduced Mark Fairleigh brought the saturnine individual she had criticised before her.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she whispered, as Lou paused near her presently. "I'm so mortified. I always am making blunders, it appears."

"Never mind. One must take time to discover Mark's good qualities. It is because I know them so well, I suppose, that he never looks plain to me."

She glanced across at him fondly—a glance which the other saw—and impulsively exclaimed—

"Oh, Lou! I do wish I had your faculty of glorifying objects. If I had, I wouldn't find the Montworths so utterly uncongenial, nor hate teaching their stupid children and doing their dusting and fine sewing as I do. I believe I would be happier if I were not so hopelessly in love with beautiful things. Why, I should not care for you as I do if you were less handsome than you are."

Lou laughed.

"My dear Tess! 'Handsome is as handsome does.' You'll find the truth of it some day. Who knows but this 'season of your discontent' is given to make you more appreciative in the end?"

"If it be appreciative of practical drudgery, I never want to become so," said Tessa, gloomily. "I'd rather be unhappy all my life than to look forward to nothing better."

Mark had drawn nearer without her observing it, and her last words were plainly audible to him.

Lou was annoyed.

She had hoped that these two, so dear to her, might be favorably impressed with each other, and she saw plainly enough that their acquaintance was beginning with a prejudice in the mind of each.

Her disappointment imbued her with a tinge of malice, and she managed to leave them *tete-a-tete* a moment after.

"This insignificant man beautiful Lou's brother. I can hardly believe it," thought Tessa.

She never applied that adjective to him again.

During their desultory conversation she discovered that a pair of fine eyes redeemed his otherwise plain, strong-featured face, and Fred Morse could have told her that his form, though slender and of only medium height, possessed well-knit muscle and athletic skill which no man of his acquaintance would have called insignificant.

After that beginning it is not surprising that they got on but slowly.

Mark thought his sister's friend rather a frivolous creature, given to vanities if not to vanity, light, superficial and changeable, but charming despite all.

In time she won upon him, although imperceptibly.

He discovered by degrees that she was not shallow, that she was sweet, attractive and intelligent, but she was the furthest from his ideal woman.

We know Tessa's thoughts.

Fred Morse, blonde and handsome, was very much more to her liking.

Besides, houses and lands, horses and carriages, the splendors and pleasures of the world, were at Fred's disposal, and had not Tessa laughingly declared that those things would reconcile her to a Caliban?

But Fred made no proposals to be received as a lover.

He was attentive, but then he was not neglectful of even Miss Hunt.

He was what is called a ladies' man, and he paid the customary adulation to the sex with an impartiality which was beautiful to witness.

With Lou alone he was more reserved, less flippant, but even she came in for some share of his complimentary addresses.

Miss Hunt was statuesque, accomplished and inane, but she appeared in heart-breaking toilets, at which Lou laughed, while Tessa's heart swelled with almost envy.

She made an outcry one evening while Diana walked into Miss Elston's room, enveloped in a sheen of silver-blue moire, with the pallid gleam of Oriental pearls upon her throat and in her hair.

"Oh, you fortunate girl! Do you know if you were a female Mephistopheles tempting me to ruin, you couldn't take a surer way? I break the commandments every time I see you in a new dress. I'd sell my soul for such pearls and diamonds as you wear, if such bargains were made nowadays."

Diana opened her eyes.

"You reckless child," cried Lou, reprovingly, while Miss Elston smiled, though there was something wistful in her glance, resting upon the bright face of the young girl.

"You have only seen one side of such things—their beauty, not their usefulness. Since you are fond of them, I will show you something which I think may please you. Bring me that lacquered box from the bureau, please."

"May I come in, or are only ladies allowed at this entertainment?"

"Oh, it's you; come in, then. Don't you think Mark has the merit of honesty to an alarming extent, auntie? Any other man would have played eavesdropper at the doorway, and we need have been none the wiser."

Mark winced, but no one noticed it.

The truth was he had come there close in Miss Hunt's wake.

There was a rapturous "Oh!" from Tessa, and a surprised—"Why, auntie?"

"You did not know I was the possessor of such princely baubles, Lou. The truth is, I very seldom think of them myself. You have heard me speak of Cousin Lucy's bequest, have you not?"

Miss Fairleigh nodded, and the wonderment died from her face.

But Tessa Archer gazed as if she were feasting her soul upon the sight.

There were pale pearls in luminous strings, rubies blazing with imprisoned fires, rings, necklaces and bracelets, all tossed in a careless shining heap.

"How lovely! how lovely!" cried Tessa, finding voice. "Why, they must be worth a mint of money. I wonder you are not afraid of being robbed, Miss Elston."

The lady smiled as she opened a tiny case, against the velvet lining of which a pair of diamond pendants flashed like concentrated, iridescent light.

"Oh!" cried Tessa, once more. "Diamonds—purest water diamonds are the realization of the dream of my life. Talk about selling my soul? I would do more, I would sell myself. I could marry any man for such diamond earrings as those."

As she said it, she met the glance of Mark Fairleigh's eyes; a glance quickly withdrawn, but it impressed her curiously.

"Yet these very earrings lost my cousin Fanny the only lover she ever had, or ever cared to have."

"How was that, Miss Elston?"

"I must tell you first that they are the only things of intrinsic value here. All

the rest," she stirred the glittering mass with her wasted hand as she spoke, "are only clever imitations."

"Miss Elston!"

A shocked cry.

"It is true, but they are just as pretty to my eyes as the real gems.

"Cousin Fanny had some such consuming passion for beautiful ornaments as you avow, without the means of gratifying it, except in this way.

"She found ways and means of becoming the possessor of excellent imitations, but she was not satisfied. Like you, she had a longing for diamonds, real diamonds, and when Grandfather Elston left her a little legacy, she at once invested it in the earrings you see.

"That piece of extravagance frightened away her lover. He probably thought that a woman who had such an ungovernable mania was not apt to make a good and prudent wife. I only want to show you that there is not always the happiness in possession that you imagine, Tessa."

"She had a right to do what she pleased with her money. I think she made a fortunate escape, if he judged her by that. As if one could not have diamonds, and yet be willing to sacrifice them if it was needful."

"Happily, you and I are not called upon to make such sacrifices, Tess," said Lou. "I am satisfied to let the responsibility rest with fortunate possessors like auntie and Diana."

"Boast while you may, young lady. Tessa has opened my eyes to one danger I never thought of before. Those earrings cost one hundred pounds when that sum was worth more than it is now. There is an inducement for burglars, and if I should lose them, there's not a mark I could recognise them by. I'll have them reset and give them to you for a wedding present, Lou."

They all went into the parlor where guests were expected presently, and on the way, Lou, who had her arm about her friend's waist, held her back.

"That was a random remark of auntie's but I want to tell you, Tess—I am going to marry Fred."

"Lou! You are?"

"Yes, dear. He has wanted it this long time, but I never would consent until I was sure—sure that he would withstand such charms as yours and Diana's."

The evening was almost over when Miss Elston beckoned Tessa, and said—

"I have a growing conviction on me that I came away and left that trinket-box unlocked. Here is the key. Will you be so kind as to remedy my carelessness?"

On the threshold of the chamber which was lit only by the low flicker of the fire, she paused and recoiled with an involuntary cry.

A dark form within started and advanced towards her, and she smiled at her fright as she recognised Mark.

She could see that he was pale and agitated, but she was not prepared for what came.

Putting a hand on each of her shoulders, he looked into her face.

"You said you would marry any man who would give you such diamonds, Tessa. Would you marry me for them?"

"No."

He passed her without another word, staggering, she remembered, like a drunken man.

She wondered what he could have meant as she fitted the key in the box.

Some impulse prompted her to lift the lid, and a wave of indescribable horror went over her as she saw that the box was empty.

How long she stood there she never knew.

Mark's presence there, his agitation, what Miss Elston had said of not being able to identify the stones should they be taken, all flashed into her mind.

"Oh, how could he?—how could he?" she cried to herself, wringing her hands. "Why wouldn't he know that I did not mean it? What he must have thought me! what I must think of him!"

She was shivering when she recovered enough to creep away, but never noticed that a wide window stood open.

* * * * *

"So you were going to steal away. Why, Tessa?"

"I am ashamed to tell you why, Mark."

"Never mind; somebody has been be[illegible]

"Oddly enough, you had been speaking of robbers, and one must have been hid[illegible] in or near that room all the while. The first thing I knew a hand tried to wrest the diamonds away from me; I resisted, then a hot, piercing pain cut through my side. I turned faint, and the next thing I saw clearly was you, Tessa, at the door.

"I know I spoke, and after that I know nothing very distinctly; it ended in my fainting at the top of the stairs, from loss of blood. I do remember that you refused to marry me for the diamonds, but now that they are gone irrevocably——"

"I shall be glad to marry you for your self, Mark."

"And how about saturnine reflections?" remarked Lou, slyly.

"I don't know him then. I do now, and to my eyes there is not a nobler or handsomer—yes, handsomer—man in existence to-day.

THE HUMMING BIRD.—Cosily sitting in the very tiniest little nest, so soft and elastic that even her delicate plumage is unruffled by contact with its moss covered sides, we find our humming bird.

High on the gnarled and twisted branch of a dogwood she has built this fairy home, and therein, with the overhanging leaves for a canopy, the little sylph is brooding. How shall I describe the cunning little structure?

A few weeks ago the building was commenced, but on such a small scale that the foundation was laid ere the site was discovered by us.

Soft puffs from the blossoms of oak and chestnut, bits of the softest brown fungus, and scraps of gray mosses, that grow in places known only to these little fairies, were worked into the walls, and gradually the little cup-like house approached completion.

Little flakes of lichen and bark, and very minute diminutive clapboards, were next added, and the work was finished. There it rests, its mossy covering harmonizing so well with the tree bark as to conceal it from all but the closest observer, and often, though knowing its action so well, I have missed it for an instant, so cunningly is it placed.

A dead twig projects from the branch a few inches to one side, and here the little wood sprites frequently perch. There is the mate now, his ruby throat all ablaze as a sunbeam covers him for an instant with gold. See him edge up to his little darling!

And now as he snuggles close beside her he is evidently telling her where her breakfast is waiting in the trumpet flower he tapped for her last night, and which is half filled with nectar this morning, accumulated drop by drop during the cool hours of darkness.

Like a flash she is off, and he takes her place, to keep the chill from the tiny eggs. [illegible] Nor until they are convinced that no harm is intended they do not even leave the nest at my approach. What a dream of life is there.

Gliding in zigzag lines over the flower beds, now suspended almost motionless over a lily bloom, now racing with the bumblebees for a honeyed prize, or dashing at the sparrows or robins, and speedily putting them to flight with the fury of their onset.

What they do or where they go in storms I do not know; but at the first returning gleam of sunshine they are back again, with the rapidity of thought, sipping the rain drops from the flowers.

And when bedtime comes what wonderful stories of the sunlight the little things must tell each other, as cuddling close up there in the dark they listen to the croon! croon! croon! of the insects, and watch the fireflies guiding the moths among the trees by the light of their lanterns.

ARAB GIRLS.—So far as the Arabs are concerned the girls have little to do with selecting their husbands. The men nearly always fix that up among themselves. A bold warrior sees a girl whom he loves in another tribe. He rides up at night, finds out where she is sleeping, dashes up to her tent, snatches her up in his arms, puts her before him on his horse, and sweeps away like the wind. If he happens to be caught he is shot. If he is not, the tribe from which he has stolen the girl pays him a visit in a few days. The dervish, a priest of the tribe, joins the hands of the young man and the girl, and both tribes join in the merriment.

MARKS.—Marks on tables caused by leaving hot dishes or plates there will disappear under the soothing influence of lamp oil well rubbed in with a soft cloth, finishing with a little spirit of wine or eau-de-Cologne rubbed dry with another cloth.

A New Lease of Life.

A physician, writing to Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, says:

"The parties for whom I ordered the Compound Oxygen in Charles City, Iowa, were much improved at last accounts. One of them, who expected to give up and die, took a new lease of life, moved away, and went into active business. He only used two Treatments! So much for your remedy with the blessings of God." A Treatise on Compound Oxygen will be sent free by Drs. Starkey & Palen, to any one who will write to them for it.

A Sleigh Ride.

BY E. LYNWOOD SMITH.

MR. RICHARD HALSTED attorney-at-law, sat in his office one afternoon in December, meditating upon the vanity of human hopes, and voting life a [illegible].

He held in his hand the dainty note that had reduced him to this desperate frame of mind.

It ran—

"Dear Dick,—I am sorry to say we shall [illegible] ride this evening. Aunt Patty is very ill, and I was sent for this morning. I am awfully disappointed, but if the snow doesn't melt we can go some night next week. I will look for you on Tuesday, as usual.

"Yours, with love,

"SUE."

On the strength of this communication R. H. had smoked three cigars, chewed off the end of his moustache, and said more than one wicked word.

It was the morning following Mrs. Colville's party, where Sue had flirted so *scandalously* with Larry Floyd (the italics are Richard's own), and he had felt bad enough before this note came to put the last straw upon his patience.

He knew that Floyd had just bought a handsome horse and sleigh, and, out of the bitterness of his heart it chord evolved the suspicion that Sue was not going that night to minister to the wants of her Aunt Patty.

This conviction took such a deep root in his mind that when evening came he had worked himself into a perfect fever of jealousy.

"If she has dared to deceive me," he muttered [illegible]

[illegible] a lawyer he did not [illegible], and he could think of no adequate punishment that would fall short of murder.

Anything but an amiable mood Dick [illegible] his overcoat after supper, and, jumping into his sleigh, drove off by himself.

If any one had said he was spying he would have resented the insult with blows; yet that was what it amounted to.

They say, though, that all is fair in love, and Dick honestly thought he had a right to know the truth about Sue; anyhow, right or wrong, he could not endure these torturing doubts.

It was not a moonlight night; but then that was all the better for lovers, and the thought of how happy he might have been with Sue at his side only augmented Dick's [illegible].

He drove around the square, I don't know how many times, and then turned up Clayton Avenue, where Rufus Lisle's house stood.

Nearly opposite to it, on the other side of the street, Dick reined up his horses under the shadow of the church, and deliberately set about watching.

It would have been a great pity if so many pains had been wasted; but fate rewarded his vigilance.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes a light sleigh drove up to the door, a gentleman alighted, ran up the steps and rang the [illegible].

He was admitted almost instantly, and Dick had not recovered from the first shock of his discovery when he saw something that fairly made his blood freeze.

The white blinds of Mr. Lisle's house were tightly drawn, but there was a bright light in the parlor, and the wide window was a perfect screen, against which was thrown the shadow of a man who had just entered the house.

A few moments elapsed, and then Dick saw a silhouette pantomime he will never [illegible].

The man rose and held out his arms, into which a slight, girlish figure was suddenly precipitated.

With a groan of agony he covered his eyes to shut out the maddening sight; but in a moment he raised his head determined to witness it all.

The shadows had vanished when he looked again; but the front door opened and the gentleman, Larry Floyd, of course, stepped out into the vestibule.

Running down the steps, he arranged the robes in the sleigh, and then turning quickly, he called to the girl who had just emerged from the house—

"Bring your shawl, Sue!"

"I have it," was the reply.

And presently Dick saw Floyd wrap her in the beautiful Indian shawl her father had given her.

It all passed in a very few minutes, and then Dick watched them drive away, Floyd's arm resting on the back of the seat and the long plumes of Sue's hat fluttering over his shoulder.

At first he was fairly stupefied and could not stir; but as the sleigh dashed away down the avenue, he awoke from his apathy.

With a desperate determination to follow and confront the faithless woman who had outraged his love and honor, he seized the reins and whipped up his horse to a frightful speed.

"Good Heavens, Halsted!" cried a friend whom he almost upset by the way. "Where are you going at that rate?"

"To the devil!" Dick answered fiercely.

And away he went, at a speed that caused everybody to look after him, in momentary expectation of a crash [illegible].

In his effort to keep the sleigh in sight, Dick dashed recklessly round the corner, striking the fireplug and upsetting the sleigh with a force that hurled him several yards, and brought his head in rather rough contact with the flagstone pave[illegible].

After that, he knew no more, until one morning he awoke from [illegible], his real dream, and saw a dear, a [illegible] face over him, with anxious [illegible].

"Dick, my darling—dear Dick!" murmured a soft voice, that had still power to stir his feeble pulse with rapturous joy. "Auntie, he is coming to, at last! He has opened his eyes, and I'm sure he knows me! Don't you, Dick?"

"Sue!" he murmured faintly, wondering what made him so weak, and why a cloud seemed to hover between him and the lovely face, which, as it shone upon him with its joyous light, he could liken to naught save an angel's.

"Yes, it is Sue!" she cried. "Oh, Dick, I thought you would never come out of that awful stupor!

"Where am I?" he asked, looking about him in a dazed way.

"At Aunt Patty's. Wasn't it just the strangest providence that your sleigh should have upset almost at her very door? But you might have been killed. I heard how you were racing down the avenue. Oh, Dick, you must never do such a thing again!"

The name of Aunt Patty, and the mention of his mad ride brought back to him the horrors of that awful evening when he had suffered such infinite torture.

A look of absolute loathing and contempt overspread his face in a moment.

"Go away!" he cried hoarsely. "I never want to see your face again!"

She shrank back, in pain and astonishment.

"Come away dear!" Aunt Patty said softly. "Never mind him. You see, the fever is not gone yet, and he does not know [illegible]."

But from that hour, though he was evidently convalescent, he refused to see her again.

If she did enter the room he would become so violently excited that only opiates could quiet him, and the doctors compelled her to keep entirely out of sight.

But one day when he was almost able to leave the house and return to his own home Sue stole into the library, where he sat all alone, gazing idly at the bright coal-fire.

"Dick," she whispered softly, as she fell on her knees at his side, "do you know me now?"

He started at the sound of her voice, and the look she feared started in his eyes.

"Dick," she said, with a despairing cry, "have you ceased to love me?"

"No!" he answered, with sudden vehemence. "Would to Heaven I had!"

"What has changed you, then? Oh, tell me—why do you repulse me?"

"Dare you ask me that?"

"Dick," she cried frantically, "tell me what has come between us!"

"Your deceit!" he answered, with bitter emphasis.

"I know not what you mean," she faltered.

"Mean? I mean that on the night when you broke your engagement with me under the pretense of visiting your sick aunt I saw you at your own home—saw you leave it with Larry Floyd! It was in following you that I met with the accident that so nearly cost me my life."

At first she looked at him in the stupor of unfeigned astonishment, but slowly a look of comprehension dawned on her fair face.

"Mr. Halsted," she said, in a strangely altered voice, "I owe an explanation to myself, but not to you. What you say is false. On that night, my father and I were here at my aunt's. We left the house in charge of the servants, and—as I afterwards learned—the chambermaid, who like myself rejoices in the name of Susan, seized the opportunity to dress herself in my clothes, and go sleighing with her 'beau!' Don't you think, Mr. Halsted, that it may have [illegible] she whom you saw?"

Her quiet manner carried conviction with it.

"Sue!" he gasped, "can I have done you so grievous a wrong?"

"Yes," she answered, with something like a sob. "And you pretend to love me with that perfect love which shuns all suspicion!"

"Forgive me!" he cried, dropping on his knees in a passion of self-reproach. "Oh, my darling, I have wronged you, but my sin was an excess of love."

"And jealousy," she said.

"[illegible] forgive me, Sue! I will trust you [illegible]."

"You seem to [illegible] trouble," she said, smiling at [illegible] Dick, I would avoid even the appearance of evil, now that I know how jealous you are."

"And you will forgive me?" he persisted.

"I may as well," she answered, "for fate took your punishment in its own hands. But, Dick, dear, don't [illegible] believe what you [illegible] in future."

A Present to Every Lady.

A 25 cent book on Art Needle work and Crazy Patchwork, with 100 new stitches and transferable designs and full instructions for the work, [illegible] to every new subscriber to Strawbridge & Clothier's Fashion Quarterly. This offer only holds good to Feb. 1, 1885. The Fashion Magazine contains 120 large pages with over 1000 illustrations each issue and is the cheapest magazine [illegible] subscription, to

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
Eighth and Market Sts., Phila.

Our Young Folks.

THE RIVAL KINGS.

A FABLE IN FOUR SITUATIONS.

SITUATION FIRST.

"I HAVE only one ambition in this world," said King Albus, addressing the feathered members of his household, "only one ambition."

"And what is that?" said the oldest and the fairest hen.

"My ambition is," replied the king, strutting about the yard, and looking as haughty and as full of fight as only a Spanish cock can, "to see my detested rival over the fence [illegible] in the dust."

"You've often said that," remarked the old hen.

"Yes," continued the king, "I mean to do it, too; and his lifeless body shall float down the mill-stream as helpless as a ball of [illegible]. I have said, and I will do.

"What, my dear," said [illegible]; "don't forget [illegible]."

King [illegible] thinking, when speaking [illegible] mean, please."

[illegible] spoke [illegible] sang for [illegible] and [illegible] a poor thing [illegible]."

And [illegible] you [illegible] "He's [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] Pshaw, [illegible] I not [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

BY L. E. B.

A pilgrim and a stranger,
I journey on my way;
I seek through tribulation
The light of perfect day;
Through thickest gloom and darkness
I see a gleam afar,
It beckons ever upward—
The bright and morning star.

My beacon never fails me,
Though long and drear the night;
Though clouds around me darken,
They cannot hide its light.
Courage, the day is dawning,
For lo! I see afar,
In all its radiant beauty,
The bright and morning star.

It guides me to the city
With twelve foundations fair,
Whose wall is purest jasper,
And set with jewels rare.
A grand untempled city,
Revealed to John of old,
Whose gates of pearl are numbered,
And streets are paved with gold.

Though oft my feet are weary,
So long and rough the road,
One stands beside me, patient,
To share my heavy load.
My faith can never fail me,
The while I see afar,
In all its radiant beauty,
The bright and morning star.

FLEAS AS ACTORS.

FLEAS, when trained and tamed, display wonderful patience and docility, and perform marvelous exploits.

Some years ago there lived in London a man who had devoted many years to the training of fleas. He generally kept about sixty of them at a time imprisoned, chained with a long gilt chain, and doomed to hard labor for life.

If they tried to jump, the chain instantly brought them down again. When one of them was fastened to the end of an unbroken wheat-straw, he was strong enough to lift it right off the table. Some of them could raise bodies two hundred times their own weight.

In the course of training the performing flea is never mutilated, his springing legs are not cut off, nor is the freedom of these lobster-like limbs interfered with. He can only perform well when he is in perfect health.

Besides all the difficulty of training the fleas, the proprietor had often considerable trouble in procuring the right kind for his purpose, for which he required human-feeding fleas, no other species being lively or strong enough.

The trade price of fleas varies, but the average price was six cents a dozen, and one day he was obliged to give twelve cents for a single flea, having lost a valuable one whose presence was necessary to complete the number for a special performance.

Fresh supplies were brought to him in a bottle. The swarm huddled together at the bottom till the bottle was shaken, when they instantly hopped about, hitting their little horny heads against the sides of the bottle, which made a distinct noise as if it had been tapped with a finger-nail.

The largest and best fleas were imported from Russia in small pill boxes, packed in the finest cotton-wool—big, powerful creatures, and capital workers.

A flea cannot be taken from its wild state and set to work at once, but has to undergo a careful course of training and discipline first.

It is taken up gently, then a noose of the finest glass silk is passed round his neck and tied with a peculiar knot. The flea has a groove or depression between his neck and his body, which serves as a hold-fast for the bit of silk, so that it can neither slip up nor down, nor can it push it off with its legs.

As a first lesson in walking, he is fastened to the end of a slip of cardboard which works on a pin as a pivot. As soon as free from the process of harnessing, he gives a tremendous spring forward, and in consequence advances in a curve, and the weight of the cardboard keeps him down.

He tries again with the same result, but finding the progress not equal to his exertions, he soon gives it up, and walks round and round with his cardboard as gently as an old horse. He generally takes a fortnight to learn this, but some clever ones have learnt it in less time.

Another mode is to shut them in a small glass box, which turns easily between two upright supports. At first the flea hops wildly about, but he only hits his head against the top of the box, and is supposed to become giddy with the turning round of his prison.

One performance consisted of six fleas fastened to a tiny coach, which went at pretty good speed, though it was very heavy for the little creatures. Another large flea had daily to drag a little model of a man-of-war. It was amusing to see him pull and struggle to get it on, but manage it he did, although it was two hundred and forty times his own weight.

Also there were two fleas secured, one at each end of a little bit of gold paper, and placed in reverse position to each other, one looking one way, the other the opposite. Thus tied, they were placed in a sort of arena, on top of a musical box.

At one end of the box was seated an orchestra of fleas, each tied to his seat, with an imitation of some musical instrument attached to his fore-legs.

The box was made to play, the exhibitor then touched each musician with a bit of stick, and they waved their fore-legs about as if performing an elaborate piece of music.

The fleas tied to the gold paper feeling the jarring of the box below them, began to run round, and round, and round as fast as they could move. This was called the fleas' waltz.

Tightly secured in a tiny chair sat a flea, facing the smallest of cannons. Several times a day this unfortunate insect fired the cannon in the following manner:

One of the little slips which form the feathers of a quill pen was fastened to one of its legs, and a little detonating powder placed on the tip of the slip.

The exhibitor pressed the wand down on the cannon, and scratching the detonating powder, it went off with a sharp report, which made the lookers on jump, and astonished most of all the flea himself, who flourished the burnt remains of his wand madly about in the air—kicking his legs about violently, while his little head bobbed up and down, and he showed every symptom of alarm.

One flea, after being occupied eighteen months in pulling up a bucket from a well, died suddenly, as it was believed of old age, faithful to his post to the last, with his bucket drawn half way up.

Grains of Gold.

Dare to do right,
Fear to do wrong.

Hope is as cheap as despair.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Consider well, then decide positively.

I sell nothing on trust till to-morrow.

I love you well, but touch not my pocket.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Violence is the argument of the wrong party.

Honest as the cat when the meat is out of reach.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

If an ass goes a traveling, he will not come home a horse.

Learn to say no; it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable and gratitude a thread.

Do your level best in this world, and all the other worlds will look out for themselves.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

If a man is to be what he ought to be, his powers must be brought up together, by giving due attention to all.

Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do the same with their time.

We should never wed an opinion for better or for worse; what we take upon good grounds, we should lay down upon better.

Remorse is not repentance; the one is hopeless, the other is truthful; the one hides from God, the other springs towards Him.

If there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no fear, there could be no hope.

In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

Some one has beautifully said that sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise and being as we appear.

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.

Femininities.

A man can never thrive who has a waste-ful wife.

Do you wish a portrait that is not flattered? Well, then, just ask a woman to make one of her rival.

In Paris six hundred and seventy-five women get their living by serving as models for painters and sculptors.

Mr. More wrote to a girl, asking her to marry him. She declined, and closed her note with: "No More at present."

A young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket, stated that she had no hand in it.

"Shall I have your hand?" said Augustus to Matilda, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart!" responded Matilda.

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up to be a woman, she often objects to having even one.

There is a lady in Connecticut who is such a stickler for polite formality, that when she can't attend church, she sends her card to the clergyman.

One reason why no woman can ever hope to be President of the United States is because the law provides that the occupant of that office shall be 35 years old.

Bridal cakes are often kept for fifty or a hundred years, and no wonder. If the bride makes it herself she does not want to throw it away, and nobody will eat it.

"Humph!" said a young man at a play with a young lady, "I could play the lover better than that myself." "I should like to see you try it," was the naive reply.

A New York woman has received $4,000 for one broken rib, and it is estimated that if she should happen to get "all broke up," she would, on this basis, be worth a total of $16,000.

A Chicago girl, just one month married, upon meeting an old schoolmate in the street, put on a very wise look, and remarked: "You cannot imagine the labor and anxiety to the care of a family!"

Said bright-eyed little Julia, a Southwark girl of five summers, who was giving evidence of some bodily pain, when asked by her mother if she had the side ache: "No, mamma, but I've got the front ache!"

It is said that in certain countries the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, but cannot marry until he is eighteen. It has probably been ascertained that a wife is more difficult to rule than a kingdom.

The cleaver with which the Earl of Essex's head was cut off by reason of Queen Elizabeth's failure to receive the ring in season, is still preserved in the Tower of London. It is a savage-looking instrument, and somewhat rusty with age.

A Quakertown man has solved Mrs. Livermore's query: "What shall we do with our daughters?" He has purchased two washing machines, and will take in washing. His wife and seven daughters are to do the work, and he will superintend the business.

It has been pretty well decided by Mrs. Grundy that the older girls are to carry no flowers to balls, etc., this winter, but the debutante may indeed herself down with bouquets. This is pushing the belle of one or two seasons to the wall with a vengeance.

An old Scotchman, on marrying a very young lady, was chaffed by his friends on the inequality of their ages. "She will be near me," he replied, "to close my eyes." "Well," replied one of the party, "I've had two wives, and they opened my eyes."

Little Emma came running into the parlor the other day, where her mother was entertaining young Mr. Budder until Miss Mary would complete her toilet and come downstairs, and cried: "O, mamma, Johnny's got Mary's teeth, and won't give 'em to her!"

An eminent physician says that "a baby must not be allowed to sleep with its mother." Just as if anybody ever knew a baby that slept with its mother or anybody else. A baby never goes to sleep till it is time for everybody else to get up. Then how the little darlings will sleep!

An Arizona paper is responsible for the story that a case of love at first sight of a photograph is about to culminate in marriage. The gentleman is a well-to-do merchant of Tombstone, while the bride is an English girl of good family, who is now on her way to this blaweted country to meet her Adolphus.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "won't you just step again and get me some more worsted, as you come by this evening?" "With pleasure," responded the husband; I like to trade with that pretty girl who tends the worsted counter." He was never asked to step again for worsted, or anything else.

A stupid young man, supposed to be cracked-brained, who was slighted by the girls, very modestly asked a young lady if she would let him attend the evening with her. "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't!" "Why," replied he, "you needn't get into such a stew about it; I don't mean this evening—but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

Just as a lover had dropped on his knees and began popping the question, a pet poodle, who thought the proceeding rather strange, made a dash for him. With remarkable nerve for a woman, the girl reached over, grabbed the dog by the neck, at the same time calmly uttering. "Go on, George, dear—I'm listening to what you are saying."

First officer: "That was a very mysterious case of suicide last night, wasn't it? He was young, well-dressed and apparently well-to-do. Not a bit like the ordinary suicide." Second officer: "I don't see that there was anything very mysterious about it. It struck me that it was a very ordinary case." "But there was nothing found on him to indicate any cause for the deed." "Oh, yes there was." "Well, what was it?" "His marriage certificate."

News Notes.

The births in London number nearly 550 a day.

Over 307,000 widows have applied for pensions.

A Berlin house is making cravats and scarfs of paper.

Ripe tomatoes are hanging on the vines at Tallahassee, Fla.

Queen Victoria's private fortune is estimated at $80,000,000.

Bachelor apartment houses are reported a failure in New York.

Stretch is the name of the newly-elected Sheriff of Snohomish, W. T.

Kansas boasts of a postoffice named Plowboy and another called Cowboy.

A successful Kentucky farmer has been blind since he was eight years old.

There is an Indian bootblack in New York who does a thriving business.

An Indiana clergyman is said to have recently delivered his sermon in rhyme.

There are in the whole country 4,008,907 farms, the value of which is $10,197,096,778.

New York's city government during the past twelve years has cost over $253,000,000.

Within two or three weeks some of the peach trees at West Duxbury, Mass., have been in full bloom.

There are 38 000 deaf mutes in the United States. By their intermarriage, the are constantly increasing.

All the Presidents, except General Harrison, who was in office but briefly, are said to have had blue eyes.

The nightly average attendance at 472 places of public amusement in London is estimated at 302,000 people.

Dr. Sir Andrew Clark says he considers alcohol not necessary to health and not a helper in work, physical or mental.

Thirty thousand dollars, it is said, were recently found in an empty car-seat by a newsboy on the Pan-Handle Railroad.

A convicted murderer, under sentence of death in Georgia, has sold his body for $10, which he expended in toilet articles.

The New York Police Board has decided that hereafter officers shall wear service stripes, one for each five years of service.

There are twenty persons in New Orleans awaiting trial for murder, fourteen of whom have been arrested since September.

An electric horse has been invented by an ingenious German. It has a trotting motion, and is said to cover a mile in 1.08.

Cotton is said to burn faster, when once it is started, than any other thing, and the lighter it is baled the faster it will burn.

There has been an alarming increase of crime in Paris recently. Organized bands of juvenile burglars have been discovered.

An elevated railway has just been perfected, the cars of which run on rollers on the top of the lamp-posts. There are no rails.

Bears have been so numerous of late among the Catskills that bear steaks have become a popular and plentiful dish up there.

A boy jockey in California, who, during the past two years, has ridden horses in a number of races, was lately discovered to be a girl.

During the week ending November 20, the city of London experienced but five and one-half hours of sunshine out of the total 168 hours.

St. Paul, Minn., has, or rather had, for it burned down recently, the largest sauer kraut factory in the world, making eight hundred barrels a day.

A Pittsburg man recently fell fifty feet through a hatchway, with fatal results to several packing boxes beneath, but no material injury to himself.

The number of deaf mutes in the world is estimated at 900,000. Of these 43 per cent. were born deaf, the others losing their hearing by accident or other causes.

A manufactory of "old" postage stamps exists in Zurich, Switzerland; and in Liverpool there is factory engaged in manufacturing battle-field of Waterloo "relics."

Pneumatic tubes, through which are transmitted letters, papers and telegrams, have just been introduced between all the sub-postoffices and main offices in Paris.

Chinese soldiers are said to have been without any uniform or distinguishing mark previous to the present war, except a small badge worn on their breasts.

A slight fire was started in Rome, Ga., a week or so ago by a magnifying glass. It had been left on a window sill, and, assisted by the sun, set fire to a lot of combustible material.

A forger who was convicted in Hudson county, N. J., recently, was a classmate of Judge McGill, before whom he was tried, and with whom he graduated from Princeton College.

The headline "Chocolate Drops," for an account of a negro hanging has been nearly, but not quite, paralleled by a Kansas City paper in "Roped to Rest," to head an account of a recent lynching out there.

A three-year-old lad was arraigned in the Norwich, Conn., police court, recently, for assiduously cutting a neighbor's flowers. The judge gave him a stick of candy and sent him home with his grandmother.

A very dangerous "joke" was played at Sharon, this State, a few days ago, by a colored boy who filled a pipe with powder and gave it to a companion to smoke, the result being that both of them were seriously burned about the eyes.

A WONDERFUL CALCULATOR.

IN the middle of the last century there lived at Elmston, a small village about nine miles from Chesterfield, a very remarkable man named Jedediah Buxton.

Although belonging to a family of fair position (his grandfather having been a clergyman, and his father a schoolmaster), Jedediah, even in middle age, was unfortunately entirely without education. He could not scrawl his own name, and knew nothing of general subjects of information.

Notwithstanding this remarkable deficiency, Jedediah, who worked as a common laborer, acquired a degree of calculating power that astounded everybody, even those who were well versed in the great science of numbers.

Without the aid of pen, pencil, or any similar marker, he could mentally work out some of the most intricate problems in arithmetic.

It was one of his most common feats to multiply five or six figures by as many, or divide as large sums off-hand much more rapidly than could be done by the best and most concise of ordinary arithmeticians.

A gentleman who had heard of Buxton's powers related on one occasion a few of the results of questions which curiosity had prompted him to put to the calculator. One of these was:—In a body whose three sides are respectively 28,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,905 yards, how many cubical ½₆₄ths of an inch are there?

Buxton repeated the several figures distinctly one after another, evidently to assure himself of the several dimensions, and without more ado set to work the problem, in the midst of fully a hundred of his fellow-laborers.

The gentleman then absented himself for about five hours (during which time he made the calculation with a pen), and upon his return Buxton declared he was ready, and even asked at which end he should begin.

The regular method having been chosen, he repeated a line of twenty-eight figures without the slightest hesitation and free from the least mistake.

In eleven minutes he answered the following question with the greatest exactness:—"In a field 357 yards long, and 211 yards wide, how many acres, rods, and perches are there?"

Another question which he met satisfactorily in half an hour was:—"Suppose I set 3,584 broccoli plants in rows 4 feet asunder, and the plants 7 feet apart, in a rectangular plot of ground, how much land will these plants take up?"

Buxton could stride over a piece of land and give its contents as correctly as if it had been measured by the chain.

In this way he on one occasion measured the whole lordship of Elmston, consisting of some thousand acres, and brought the contents to the owner, Sir John Rhodes, not only in acres, roods, and perches, but even in square inches, which he offered to reduce, if required, to hair-breadths!

Few persons of the age in which he lived believed in the wonderful stories of Buxton's achievements. But the declarations of unquestionable authorities gave them the stamp of authenticity.

The Fellows of the Royal Society received him on one occasion and gave him a substantial honorarium for an exhibition of his talent.

Without being able to explain how he had gained his attainments, beyond stating that in early youth he had learned the multiplication table, he could correct the most rapid arithmetician who worked out the problems with the pen.

He would allow different people to put separate questions to him at the same time, and answer them correctly; while not the least notable part of his singular power was his capability of repeating his answers a month after they were originally given.

Jedediah Buxton paid no heed to anything that did not come within the scope of his calculating talent. From the church he could not carry away a word of the text, or a sentence of the sermon.

His whole soul was in figures; and even when, in London, he was taken to see the celebrated Garrick, he displayed no sympathy with the drama, but afterwards related that he had, on that occasion, counted all the words uttered by England's greatest actor.

WHAT A PLANT DID.—A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it, the family made changes in their way of living. First, they cleaned the window that more light might come in to its leaves; then, when not too cold, they would open the window so that fresh air might help the plant to grow strong; and thus purify their own lungs as well. Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy they used to wash the floor and walls, and arrange the furniture more neatly. That led the father of the family to try to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him at home several evenings. After the work was done, he stayed at home instead of spending his leisure hours in a tavern; and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then, as their home grew attractive, the whole family loved it and each other better than ever before, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers. Thus the little plant brought a real as well as a physical blessing.

THE old saying "opposition is the life of business," has not been sustained in one instance at least. Since the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup all other remedies have been dead stock and the vendors are in despair.

THE SEASONS.

'Neath smiling summer's clear and burning sun,
When draughts of air and liquid are the rule,
Then fire and cozy nooks we gladly shun,
And strip our winter's garb to keep us cool.

When rude Boreas rides the biting air,
And wood and field have lost their summer charm,
We gladly to the glowing hearth repair,
And windows "strip" and doors, to keep us warm.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

An advance agent—The pawnbroker's clerk.

Why are teeth like verbs? They are regular, irregular and defective.

Why is a chimney-sweep the happiest man alive? He is well soated.

When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt his choler begins to rise.

One of the latest receipts: If you step on a dude's boot you are likely to make calf's foot jelly.

Marriage is the natural lot of all things terrestrial. Even corns have to be pared now and then.

A young shaver had had several teeth extracted, with the assurance that they would come again. With an eye to the immediate future, little Johnnie inquired: "Will they come again before we have dinner?"

"I declare Charley," exclaimed Clara, "you take the words right out of my mouth!" "Oh, mamma," piped in the little brother, "now I know what Clara and Charley were doing in the hall when she let him in!"

"Yes," said the Vermont deacon, "I always go down to the camp-meeting, and always come back feeling good. Do you see that magnificent horse there in the field? Well, you ought to have seen the old plug I took down."

Counsel: "Then you think he struck you with malice aforethought?" Witness, indignantly: "You can't mix me up like that. I've told you twice he hit me with a brick. There wasn't no mallets around there."

"Doctor, what's become of your favorite dog?" "Why, he attempted to eat a hole through my leg, and before he had finished, he died suddenly of concussion of the brain," said the doctor, suggestively shaking a heavy cane.

YOUNG MEN!--READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wamoold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry

For 20 years HUMPHREYS' Veterinary Specifics have been used by Farmers, Stock-breeders, Horse R. R., Hippodromes, Menageries, and others with perfect success.

LIST OF SPECIFICS.

A. A.	Cures Fevers & Inflammation, Milk Fever, Spinal Meningitis, Hog Cholera,	25c.
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E. E.	Cures Cough, Heaves, Pneumonia,	25c.
F. F.	Cures Colic or Gripes, Bellyache,	25c.
G. G.	Prevents Miscarriage,	25c.
H. H.	Cures all Urinary Diseases.	25c.
I. I.	Cures Eruptive Diseases, Mange,	25c.
J. J.	Cures all Diseases of Digestion,	25c.
	Veterinary Case, (black walnut) with Veterinary Manual, (320 pages), 10 bottles Medicine, and Medicator, - - -	$8.00
	Medicator, - - - - - - -	35

☞ These Veterinary Cases are sent free of express on receipt of the price, or any order for Veterinary Medicine to the amount of $5.00 or more.

Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (320 pages) sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

☞ Pamphlets sent free on application.

HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Med. Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

—THE—

SECRET SINS OF SOCIETY.

A book that should be read by every father and mother, husband and wife. It opens the eyes of married and single to facts that all should know. It treats of adaptation of the sexes, male and female abuses, physiology of marriage, courtship, love—how to win it, and how to guard against its dangers, woman's follies, fascination, hoosers of sin, origin and cure of disease, married and single dangers, and how to guard against them, etc.; 400 pages, beautifully printed and bound. Price, $2. H. LEWIS0N, 1131 S. Broad St., Phila, Pa.

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Outfits from $3.00 to $500.00.
SIMPLE. EASY. PROFITABLE.
80 page Catalogue for 10 cents.
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R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds,
Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts., Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diseases, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SKIN DISEASES,

Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken-down stomach, Indigestion, Faintness, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract Diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren Street, New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

ALL GIVEN AWAY!

3 GOLD WATCHES,
4 Parisian Dolls,
35 New Dresses, &c.

The publishers of "Happy Days," the new 16p Illustrated Paper for the Boys and Girls of America, desiring to introduce their paper into every home, make the following **liberal offer:** The Boy or Girl telling us the number of Chapters in the Bible, before Feb. 1st, 1885, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Stem-Winding Watch.** If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive a **Boy's Solid Gold Key-Winding Watch;** the third, a **Solid Gold Swiss Watch.** Watches forwarded to winners Feb. 5th. Each person competing must send 25 cents with their answer, for which they will receive **3 months subscription** to Happy Days, and **4 lovely Parisian Dolls** (3 girls, 1 boy and a baby doll), with life-like beautiful features, large and curly, and blue and dark eyes. With the dolls we will send a case of **35 Fashionable Dresses,** hats, Parasols, Traveling Costumes, Evening Dresses, &c., made in nice colors, many of them from designs by Worth, of Paris, and very beautiful. We want subscribers for our charming magazine, and have decided to let our friends present a **lovely box of dolls** with their outfits and **3 gold watches free.** If they will send 25c. (stamps or silver) to help pay for this advt. and the bare cost of mailing you the paper 3 months. Pubs. Happy Days, Hartford, Conn.

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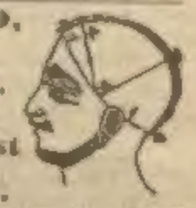

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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CARDS. 50 Best Chromo Cards, name on in New Style Type, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums, 10 New Games, 100 Latest Songs, 6 samples, & price list all for 15c. 6 pk's and Plated Ring free, for 60c. Agents wanted. Nelson Card Co., Waltham, Mass.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$2 for 18c.

It has been our custom to offer each year a sample package of our elegant Fringe Christmas and New Year Cards at cost, to introduce them direct to the people, enabling them to buy direct and protect themselves from the home dealers' extortion. This year we offer 21 Large Imported Cards, composed of Fringe Birthday, Christmas and New Year's, assorted designs for only 18 cents, postpaid to any person ordering this advertisement within 60 days. This package ordinarily sells for $1.00 and will not be sent to dealers. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. I. SPENCER CO., Importers, Hartford, Conn.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

CARDS WORTH $5.00 **Given Away TO ALL!**

If you will send 25c. to help pay cost of advertising, we will send you, postpaid, Four Beautiful German Dolls, one boy, two girls and a baby doll with Complete Outfit of 35 Fashionable Dresses, Hats, Chairs, &c., worth $5 of enjoyment to any little girl; 2 large size Gossamer Rubber Waterproof Garments for the ladies, and 6 new style Face Sapolios, Stamps taken. Address E. C. BABCOCK & CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

A BOX OF DOLLS FREE

To any boy or girl who will send us the names of three of their young friends who are interested in cards, and 16c. for postage, we will send free, a Case of 6 Lovely Dolls with an outfit of 25 dresses, hats, &c., worth $1 to any little girl, and our New Sample Book, containing samples and a price list of 100 new styles of Visiting Cards. Address ACME CARD CO., NORTON, CONN.

DIVORCES ABSOLUTE DIVORCES without publicity for persons residing throughout the United States, for desertion, non-support, intemperance, cruelty, incompatibility, etc. Advice free. State your case and address Attorney Ward, World Building, 287 Broadway, N. Y.

A Prize Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help put you in the way of making more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

SALARY Paid Local or Traveling Salesmen to sell our Kitchen Specialties to the trade. State salary wanted and address The Clipper Mfg. Co. Limited, Cincinnati, O.

YOUR NAME on 50 all Hidden Name and Embossed Chromo Cards 10c.; They are beauties; 6 packs and Rolled Gold Ring 50c.; 10 packs and Four Blade Pearl Handle Knife $1. Agent's Outfit 10c. Address Hub Card Co., Boston, Mass.

40 CARDS, all covered name, Silk Fringed, Gilt Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks and present 25c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct.

40 Hidden Name, Perfumed and Embossed Cards, Pocket Calendar and new Samples, all 10c. 12 pks and Agents Outfit, $1. Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.

50 Handsomest Satin Finish Embossed Chromo Cards you ever saw, with name, and present, 10c. 3 pks. & Beautiful Prize, 10c. Potter & Co., Meriden, Ct.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

50 Splendid Chromos with name, 10cts.; 5 packs and Rolled Gold Ring 50c. F. H. Parker, New Haven, Ct.

70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems mailed for ten 1-cent stamps. Acme Mfg. Co, Ivoryton, Ct.

40 New 1885 Chromo Cards with name no 2 alike, 10c. 6 packs 50c. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

New Publications.

Dr. Baird's History of the Huguenot Emigration to America, which was announced by Dodd, Mead & Co. for publication before the holidays, will necessarily be delayed until the early part of this year. The work is the fruit of many years of special study by its accomplished author, and will rank with the most noteworthy of recent original contributions to American History.

"Mistletoe Memories." Or What the Poets Say about Christmas. Comprising a collection of poems. The whole bound in Banner shape, with rich silk fringe and tassels. The cover of this novelty is printed in nearly eighteen colors. Size 4 by 6½ inches. Price 35 cents. Henry S. Dale, Publisher, 157 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

John Ap Thomas Jones author of the poem entitled "Retrospect" and published a year or so since, has followed that work by another. It is called "Euphrasia and Alberta" although these are the names of two distinct poems. The first named is written in the Spenserian stanza and is based upon a German tradition. The second composition is a sort of poetic love dream in pleasant contrast to the bold measure of its companion piece. Of course in the present era there is no dearth of good poetry, and we cannot therefore say these productions are entitled to particular praise. They are, however, as perfect in their kind as the average, and lovers of story and sentiment, put in the harness of rhyme and metre, will find them enjoyable reading. Beautifully printed and bound. Price 75 cents. Published by Lippincott & Co.

"Verses for Christmas" is the title of a little book, printed on nice stiff paper with gold edge. It contains a few poems, not very remarkable in any way, accompanied by numerous illustrations especially designed for them. The literary feature is by S. Massey and the pictorial by C. C. Schenck. Their friends might no doubt find the work fine, but this opinion will hardly be coincided with by the general public. Published by Lippincott & Co.

"Notes on the Opium Habit" is a timely little pamphlet-book by Asa P. Meylert, M. D. The writer who is an expert on the subject, shows in a brief way the terrible dangers of opium in its various forms, and how rapidly the use of the drug is spreading. Reading it and paying attention to its statements might result in the saving and prolonging of many valuable lives. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York.

Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier's handsome "Quarterly" has just been issued, with its usual ample assortment of fashion news and household hints, and all the artistic and literary features which have justly won for it so enviable a reputation. It would be hard to find a rival for it in its chosen walk of utility and fine taste.

MAGAZINES.

The Christmas, December, *Wide Awake* is a brilliant number. It opens with a beautiful frontispiece in colors, a reproduction by L. Prang & Co., of a water color by F. H. Lungren. Mr. Butterworth's Wonderful Christmasses of Old, is also finely illustrated by Lungren; another attractive illustrated article is entitled Child Life in Venice and a fourth pictorial paper describes the visit of a party of Western school girls to the Christmas card workshops of L. Prang & Co., illustrated by Garret. The number is strong in serial stories, as follows: Down the Ravine, a Tennessee story by Charles Egbert Craddock; In Lesser's Times, a story of old Dutch New York, by E. S. Brooks; and The Bubbling Teapot, by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney. There are two humorous Christmas stories, Benny in Court, by Mary Catharine Lee; and The Postman's Doll, by Mrs. Bradley; and there are beautiful poems: Little Maid Bertha's Stork, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; Christ Blessing Little Children, by Edwin Arnold; Christmas Day, by Susan Coolidge; A Christmas Carol, by Mary E. Wilkins, etc., etc., and there are many beautiful pictures; and after all this comes the rich Chautauqua Readings from the pens of Rose Kingsley, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Edward Everett Hale, Prof. Palmer, Mrs. Whitman, and others eminent in their own line of work. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

There are several articles in *Lippincott's Magazine* for December which may be read with profit as well as pleasure. A Visit to Naples, by Theodore Child, depicts the aspect of that city just previous to the outbreak of cholera, Charles B. Todd gives the most vivid and exhaustive account that has yet appeared of the Oil Region of Pennsylvania. In contrast to this paper is that in which Edmund Kirke concludes his interesting narrative of a winter journey on the French Broad in North Carolina, among a population whose condition and way of life is as primitive and rude as if it inhabited some region far remote from the centres of progress and civilization. Among the lighter articles in the number are: The Philosophy and Art of Dancing, by Norman Pearson; A Western Industry, by M. H. Catherwood, and "Why Not an American Punch?" by E. C. Reynolds. Felicie's Reception, by Kate Putnam Osgood, and Somehow, by Mary Bigelow Francis, are capital short stories, and Miss Tincker's Aurora is carried forward with the same interest and beauty of style that have marked the previous instalments. Lippincott & Co. Publisher, Phila.

"HANDY to have in the house"—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the prompt and certain remedy for croup, colds, and pulmonary affections.

Facetiæ.

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? It is always in fun.

Why do fishermen possess extraordinary medical powers? They cure dead fish.

Why is a person mending his clothes like a rich man? Because he is making up his rents.

How would you express in one word having met a doctor of medicine? Met-a-physician.

Why is a retired milkman like the whale that swallowed Jonah? He took the profit out of the water.

'Tis true I have both face and hands and more before your eyes; yet when I go my body stands, and when I stand I lie. A clock.

Observe a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you'll witness enough ingenuity in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor.

A little town up in New York has a skating-rink that they call "Niagara." It is supposed that they call it that because the people go there to see the "falls."

An inquirer asks: "How can I tell classical music?" That is easy enough. When you hear everybody applaud and look relieved after the piece is finished, you can know that it is strictly classical.

He was a Dutch barber on a coroner's jury, and after sitting quietly for an hour during the inquest, arose, peered into the face of the corpse, and then, turning to the rest of the jury, exclaimed: "Mein Gott, dot man ish dead! Let's go home!"

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and some severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis**, and even acute **Pneumonia**, and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption**. It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough**.

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

100,000 ROYAL PRESENTS!!!
AND A
Long Loan at 4 Per Cent.

THE publishers of the *Chicago Post and Courier* desire to secure 100,000 more subscribers. For 50 cents we will mail you our paper six months on trial, and immediately send you a numbered receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following presents. All these presents will be given to these new 100,000 subscribers.

PARTIAL LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY:

10 Cash presents of $1,000 each; 10 U. S. Bonds, $500 each; 10 U. S. Greenbacks, $100 each; 100 U. S. Greenbacks, $10 each; 1,000 cash Presents of $1 each; 1 Grand Square Piano; 1 Grand Cabinet Organ; 100 Ladies' Gold watches, $40 each; 100 Silver Hunting-Case Watches, $20 each; 100 Stem-winding Nickel-Case Watches, $8 each; 50 Ladies' Chatelaine Watches, $10 each; 50 Boys' Silver Watches, $10 each; 200 Waterbury Watches, $3.50 each; 50 Ladies' Gold Neck Chains, $15 each; 50 cents' Gold Chains, $25 each; 20 Ladies' Gold Bracelets, $15 each; 10 Silver Dinner Services, $100 each; 10 Silver Tea Sets, $60 each, 10 Sets Parlor Furniture, $100 each; 500 Solid Gold Rings, $3 each; 500 Sets Solid Silver Teaspoons, 6 to a set; 5 Bicycles, $90 each; 1 matched pair Trotting Horses $1,000; 500 pairs Ladies' Roller Skates; 500 pairs Boys' Roller Skates; and hundreds of other useful and valuable presents which we cannot enumerate here. All the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner. Presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Every person sending us 50 cents for a 6-months' trial subscription to our paper is also privileged to apply for a loan, to be made out of advertising profits, the amount borrowed being permitted to remain unpaid as long as the borrower remains a subscriber and keeps the interest paid. On the basis of 250,000 circulation (which will probably be doubled) the business and profits will approximate as follows: Receipts: 250, yearly subscribers, $250,000; 1,500 inches advertising, $2.50 per line, $13 per inch, 24 issues, $360,000; total, $610,000. **Expenses:** For paper and press work, 250,000 copies, 24 issues, $200,000; editorial work, office, repairs, etc., $65,000; 100,000 presents, $40,000; total, $265,000, leaving a net profit of $345,000. For this enormous profit for sale of advertising space the *Chicago Post and Courier* depends on its 250,000 subscribers, for advertisers pay for space in proportion to circulation. With but 25,000 circulation the profits would be but a tenth of the amount. Therefore as subscribers are doing us a favor when they send us their names, we desire to return favor for favor. Any subscriber who desires to borrow from $100 to $500 at 4 per cent. the principal to stand if desired, as long as the borrower remains a subscriber, should so state when he sends us 50 cents for a 6-months' trial subscription to our paper.

CONDITIONS: Loans made pro rata, not less than $100 nor more than $500. First year's interest at 4 per cent. to be deducted from amount loaned. Your individual note is all the security asked, provided you will send the names of several of your neighbors to whom we can refer—not as to the amount of property you are worth but as to your good character. Every subscriber must positively agree to show the paper and present to his friends and neighbors. When a loan is made, the adjoining form of note will be sent with the money to the subscriber's nearest bank or express office, and no note need be signed until the money is paid over. Send the names of several references, and immediate inquiry will be made. If no loan is desired, no references need be sent.

One year after date, for value received, I promise to pay to the order of the publisher of *Chicago Post and Courier* the sum of ..... dollars, with interest at 4 per cent per annum after maturity. It is understood and agreed that no part of the principal of this note will be demanded or become payable (except at my pleasure), so long as I remain a paid-up subscriber to the above named paper.

(Signed) .....

900 GOLD WATCHES FREE!
WHO WILL SEND THE QUICKEST?

In making up the above list of presents, we decided to reserve $9,000 to be divided equally among the first 900 subscribers received. If you send 50 cents you will be entitled to *one receipt good for one present*, and if your letter is among the first 900 received you will also be entitled to a beautiful gold watch. The watch is one-third larger than the picture. We will send a printed list of the awards, free, and all presents will be forwarded to holders of receipts as they may direct. A list of watch winners will be published in our paper. The 50 cents you send us is the regular price for six months, therefore you pay nothing for the present. Subscribe at once. Don't wait a day. We will send you the paper 3 months and 2 numbered receipts good for 2 presents, if you send us 75 cents. Send $1, and the paper will be mailed you 1 year, and 3 receipts good for 3 presents. Get five friends to join you, and send $2.50, and we will send the paper 6 months and 1 numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and 1 extra for your trouble. No postponement. Send 10 subscribers, with $5, and we will send you 12 subscriptions and 12 receipts. This offer is good only until February 25. We have 150,000 subscribers already, and only require 100,000 more to have the desired number. Our old patrons and subscribers, whom we number by *thousands*, should go to work at once and help us increase our list by this grand and generous offer.

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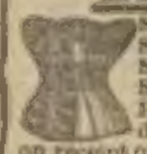

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

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To introduce "Happy Days," our new Illustrated Magazine, we will send free to any lady sending 10c. in stamps for 3 months subscription, 3 Ladies' Large Size Waterproof Cosmetic Garments with catalogue of other rubber goods, provided they show them to their friends and endeavor to help us sell more. One each always preferred. Pub. Happy Days, Hartford, Conn.

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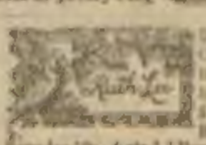

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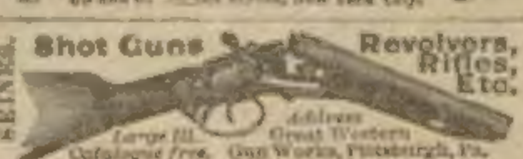

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THE VERY BEST PRESENT

YOU CAN MAKE A FRIEND IS

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

—TO—

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

NOWADAYS, with few exceptions, the dresses of brides and their maids are by far too ornate and complex in form.

Given simple elegance, wedded to good taste, and the result must be successful; but alas for the general fever of outre display and the selection of colors that are garish and crude!

And then, again, as to cost. The toilettes of bridesmaids are often selected with little regard for the pockets of the parents of the wearers, while the bride's dress is more frequently chosen with a view to its appearance "on this occasion only," than with any wise, far-seeing thought for its further appropriate use.

There is no need to explain to the rich what may always be bought at a price; our duty lies rather in guiding those others whose purses are not too well filled, and to point out the modes now in vogue. We cannot do better than note what we saw at one of our leading establishments, where dress matrimonial is specially studied, and whose brides costumes are unique.

For brides they are using either plain velvet and rich poult de soie, or satin and soft crepe de Chine; the last material is, we think, quite the best, it drapes so gracefully and its aspect is lovely and fresh.

One cannot imagine anything more artistically beautiful than a toilette of satin Duchesse, the train long and perfectly plain, and the petticoat made all in plaits.

This is cut at the edge in vandykes and is bordered with soft falling lace, below which hangs a delicate fringe of small orange buds, blossoms, and leaves.

The peplum-like tunic is of fine crepe de Chine, its surface embroidered by hand, arranged on each side in a point and in one wide box-plait down the front; at each point is a large bullion drop.

The bodice is satin, made perfectly plain, with a short-pointed basque back and front; it has elbow sleeves finished with lace, and a full V-shaped waistcoat in front, its point reaching down to the waist; there is lace at the neck as a turned over frill, mixed with exquisite foliage and buds.

Fine lace, which is lavishly used, makes a bridal gown truly ideal, and those who have flounces of value may count on a charming effect when employed in the way we describe.

A train of brocaded velvet, with coat-shaped bodice of the same material. This is made high to the throat, and is cut in sharp points at the sides.

The petticoat is of satin, with a ruching of orange flowers and leaves; it is entirely covered with one wide flounce of lace, which falls in long folds from the waist.

A frill of lace surrounds the neck, with a cluster of buds at one side.

From the throat hangs the same lace, en *escape*, festooned and fastened to the right side of the bodice, some inches below the waist, by a large spray of blossoms to match.

The plain sleeves reach the elbow, and have puffings and frills of lace. The train falls quite straight from the waist, and is shaped in a wide-spreading curve.

An elegant dress is of dead-white plain velvet with lace and the pure crepe de Chine.

The petticoat front is arranged in close waves, with a full plaited ruching below; on either side is a zigzag trimming of old lace flouncing, its color most effective on the background of spotless white.

All down the left side of the skirt is a cascade of rich ribbon bows, with graduated bouquets of bridal flowers, carelessly yet gracefully arranged.

The train is of velvet, and bordered with, and is gathered in close at the waist; the short pointed bodice is slightly V-shaped, and is of lace trimmed in front to the waist. At the chest is a cluster of flowers, intermingled with short satin loops.

We can only find space for a fourth gown, which we quote as a type of good taste; and this yet again was of satin and lace, with bodice and immensely long square-cut train of superbly wrought terry brocade.

The petticoat front, of white satin, had two plaited flounces of lace and a kilting below at the edge, framed on either side by wide panels of terry brocade, the pattern both handsome and bold.

The train stood out well from the basque of the bodice, which was pointed at the back, curved at the sides, and then cut in square tabs in front.

The folds were arranged in an original way, being shaped like large, long, drooping wings, which seemed to turn back and decrease to a point, where they mixed with a wide-spreading train, which was shaped in deep "steps" at its end.

Trailing down the right side of the train was a large spray of orange blossoms and foliage, and a second one fastened the bodice and crossed it from left to right.

The sleeves of the brocaded bodice had deep turned-back cuffs of plain satin, notched in front at the bend of the arm, and again at the throat there were satin revers, which spread on the chest at each side.

Pearl beaded satin, "mat" silk embroidered in silver, and silk hand-embroidered on satin, are all used by this firm in the production of smart wedding gowns, and those beautiful fabrics will still be *la mode* for the brides of the coming winter.

We must hint at the peep which we took at a short length of creamy white satin of surpassing richness.

Its surface was scattered with hand-embroidered life-size sprays of orange flowers and leaves.

They might have been painted and looked all too real; but so cunningly wrought and so naturally grouped were they that we felt we could pluck off the sweet-scented petals from the green leaves whereon they reposed.

Veils are worn hanging behind, and the face and the hands are left free.

Should the old-fashioned way be preferred, they are then of a size sufficiently large to completely envelop the figure. If not of old lace, they are mostly of tulle, and so made are very becoming.

Sometimes they are bordered with lines of silver thread, and covered with small pin-head dots.

The plain veils, however, are best, and look well when bordered with lace.

A simple wedding gown of satin or silk is greatly improved in appearance, if the large tulle veil be showered with orange flowers and leaves.

When real they are charming, if the somewhat oppressive scent is not objected to; but if artificial they need to be good, and must be of small size to look pretty.

The typical bridal flowers are now seldom worn in the hair, but appear on the bodice and skirt, the veils being fastened with jewel headed pins or small brooches of brilliants or pearls.

If a wreath is worn, it is round and small, and is rarely, if ever, becoming with the present style of hairdressing, which lends itself well to the fashion of small sprays of jewels, or the introduction of single blossoms among the rouleaux and plaits or soft curls on the crown of the head.

Shoes are of velvet, of silk, or brocade, in material the same as the train, and are beaded with silver or broidered with pearls, should either appear on the dress.

A bride never carries a fan, as was quite usual not long ago—her hands, encased in gloves, which reach to the tight elbow sleeves, being more than conveniently filled with a bouquet of rare white flowers, trimmed with long satin streamers and lace, whose dimensions grow larger and larger, and still seem to increase.

A "five o'clock tea" dress, recently made for a society leader in Paris, merits a description in this connection.

The skirt was very pale pink silk, completely covered with crepe of the same tint—a long billowy train, and a front of innumerable folds of the crepe, soft and broken, and running diagonally from high on the right side to low on the left.

Around the whole dress was a large ruche of crepe and of silk, pinked out. The bodice was of red velvet, a sort of Greek jacket, open in front over a chemisette of white crepe, studded with little gilt drops, short over the hips, setting in simply to the figure above the large "tournure" behind.

And this velvet jacket was heavily embroidered in palm leaves, and other large solid designs, with gold bullion.

The sleeves corresponded with the chemisette—they were of white crepe, strewn with small gilt balls; they just reached to above the line of the elbow.

The costume was given the finishing touch by little red velvet slippers, gold embroidered on the tip, and a tiny, flat cap, or headdress, also of red velvet, with a row of gilt beads all along the edge. This is certainly what might be called "stunning."

Fireside Chat.

THE CARE OF CLOTHES.

THE first thing to look for in dress is, that everything we wear should be real and good, and that we should always try to appear as we really are, and not strive after either the airs and graces of others or their foolish and *outre* fashions.

There is a special language in materials as well as in colors, and each woman should endeavor to make both throw their different charms over her.

One of the most neglected articles in an ordinary house is the common clothes-brush.

I hardly ever go into a house where there are several women that I do not see dust, mud, and food-stains, and a general appearance of "unbrushedness," if I may coin a word about one or two of them.

Now, a clothes-brush is wanted morning, noon, and night, and every member of the house should have a private one; and there should be, at least, two public brushes, one in the upper hall, and one for the servants to use in brushing clothes.

Food-stains on either masculine or feminine attire are the most offensive and ugly disfigurements, and children should very early be taught to avoid making them.

The hand is shaky and the sight fails, and thus a constant and kindly supervision should be exercised to help them to avoid, as well as to remove them, when accidents occur.

Clothes-brushes are made both hard and soft, for cloth and woollen materials. The former are selected for silk (those with soft bristles), and for velvet, flat pieces of wood covered with velvet.

In brushing all materials care should be taken to brush them in the right direction, so as not to rub against the lie of the nap or pile.

When a soft brush will answer do not use a hard one, as rough brushing makes the clothes look threadbare.

The dust should be first removed from all garments by hanging them on a clothes line, and beating them with a stick or riding-whip. Then lay them on a clean table, and brush them until all marks that can be taken off with a clothes-brush have disappeared.

Clothes that have been wetted and splashed with mud must be well dried before the brushing.

The edge of a skirt, if muddy, must first be rubbed between the hands, to remove the mud, and afterwards brushed, to complete the cleaning.

Perhaps nothing is more remarkable than the difference between two people in the wear and tear of their clothes; one dress or mantle will show little or no signs of use at the end of a year's wear, while another will be not only shabby, but really worn out at the end of a couple of months.

To me, this difference is an indication of character in the wearer, which appears to enter into all they do in life. It speaks of a great amount of intuitive thought and care, which would extend to anything connected with them, and would add materially to both their own happiness and their usefulness to others.

The skirts of dresses should be shaken when they are taken off, and all skirts except velveteen and velvet ones should be turned inside-out, and suspended by loops of tape, sewn at each side of the waist-belt, so as to hang evenly from the hooks. The bodice should be spread out to cool and air, and all dust should be removed from the shoulders and neck with an old silk or cambric handkerchief.

It should then be laid smoothly in a drawer, or, if hung up, there should be a loop of ribbon sewn inside the neck of the bodice, by which to suspend it.

It is better, as a rule, to fold the bodice the wrong side outwards, and lay it smoothly in a drawer, than to hang it up, as the latter plan is apt to crease it and pull the shoulders out of shape.

There are a number of precautions which the careful wearer naturally takes to preserve her apparel, which the careless person never remembers.

In sitting down, the best position is naturally taken to save flounces, frills, and sashes from creasing, and iron and cane openwork seats must be carefully eschewed, if the dress be of velvet, velveteen, or silk.

The back of the chair, if of wood or varnished, must be remembered, as all materials grow shiny by rubbing on a hard substance.

A white-washed or colored wall will sometimes work great havoc with a dress; a danger which should be remembered at church, and in all kitchens and passages.

The dress worn should suit all varieties of the weather; and rain and mud are the worst enemies a good dress can encounter. So are very hot days in summer, and careful provision should be made of linen habit shirts.

Aprons, which are now fortunately in fashion, are of great use in saving a dress, and also in embellishing an old one, either for morning or evening wear.

As a matter of economy, the dress should always be changed in the evening, and the walking dress brushed and laid by.

All hooks and eyes, buttons, torn trimmings, and every needed stitch should be attended to at once, and spots of grease taken out.

Handles of doors, arms of chairs, and ornaments of all kinds that stick out, must be remembered, and nails in the floors and stairs are inimical to tidy dresses.

Never do anything in a violent hurry, nor with a sudden and jerky movement—you will not only look ungraceful, but you will tear some part of your apparel for certain. Scarves, laces, and ribbons should be folded or rolled up, and gloves should be pulled out and laid straight.

A veil or net-fall is generally improved by being laid in a book, to press it flat; and the bonnet or hat should always be brushed. An umbrella, if wet, should be stood upright in the stand to dry, and should never be opened wide, an old custom more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Both umbrellas and parasols should be wiped with a soft cloth in coming in, either from rain or sunshine, and both should be smoothly folded, fastened, and put away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

L. H. W.—You are right.

P. L.—Dessert means simply the table cleared (French *desservir*, to clear the table); and dessert is that which comes after the table is cleared. We think the ordinary use of the word in this country is proper.

SHIRLEY.—We have always given our opinion that a young woman of seventeen is too young to marry; but it is quite certain that many are married at that age, and even perhaps eighteen months before that period; so if you have a fair chance before you, we will not advise you against it.

T. S. S.—You must not allow yourself to be teased by such trifles. You have plenty of time to win a husband. A young lady of twenty-two is really just of an age to marry and make a happy and competent wife. Render yourself as accomplished as possible. Neglect no means of improving yourself.

CONSTANT.—Let her have no more intercourse with the young man whose acquaintance she has made in so unconventional a manner. He certainly cannot respect or care for her to treat her so distantly in the presence of a third person. It is a matter for regret that so many young ladies give encouragement to men to whom they have not only never been introduced, but who may, for aught they know, be already married.

CARRIE.—Promiscuous acquaintanceships of this kind seldom lead to good, and cannot be recommended—especially for young ladies. At the same time, there is much to be said in favor of a free intercourse between young people, and it is probable there would be a larger proportion of happy marriages if young men and women could see more of each other in daily life, and so be enabled to form truer estimates of one another's characters.

POST.—There was a Guilelma, daughter of William Penn, and a Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr. Their names occur in the history of the lives of those men. 2d. The phrase is from Tom Morton's "Speed the Plow." In the first scene Mrs. Ashfield shows herself very jealous of her neighbor, Mrs. Grundy, and Farmer Ashfield says to her, "Be quiet, will ye! Always dinging Mrs. Grundy into my ears. What will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think?"

CANARY.—Your canary's loss of feathers is due, no doubt, to the hemp-seed you have been giving it, which is altogether too heating. Feed on canary seed, with a very little fruit and green stuff occasionally, and keep the cage sweet and clean, and then the bird will soon be all right. The cage should be much larger than the size you mention—say a foot and a half each way. Square ones are the best, as they do not injure the tail-feathers of the birds so badly as the round ones.

UNITY.—"Out of sight, out of mind," is a proverb that has a great deal of truth in it, and it is most probable that the lover of your friend, in whose behalf you write, has found attractions elsewhere that have made him neglect the duties he promised to undertake. But like that celebrated bad shilling, he is certain to return again, and then old associations will make the fire of his love burn up fiercer, and your friend will have more pleasure in the renewal of the courtship than she has experienced in any six months previously.

D. D.—The Woolsack is evidently a relic of olden times, when simple comfort was studied without much regard being paid to elegance. A bag, or sack, oftentimes of rough material, and stuffed with wool, was considered a seat which answered every possible requirement, even in the case of those of high estate. In the present day the Lord Chancellor's seat in the House of Lords still consists of the bag of wool, although it is caved with red cloth, and remains utterly devoid of any additional support in the shape of arms or back.

ANXIOUS.—For your encouragement we may mention that many have commenced to play at a much more advanced age than your own, and that, too, with very great success. As you are naturally fond of music, there is no reason why you should not do as well, though you would doubtless have acquired the art with greater ease had you continued your practice when you commenced some years ago. Ask your organist, or some other competent musical friend, to advise you as to the instruction-book you should use for your purpose.

IXION.—As you say, rhythm is a very important element in poetry, and your disregard of it may account for some of the want of success you have hitherto experienced in writing, though from what you tell us we rather incline to the belief that failure may be due to the quality of the poetry itself. If you have no innate talent for this kind of thing, you would probably do better by turning your attention to something else. You could still indulge in your favorite pastime in leisure hours, and, perhaps, with advantage. But your depression shows that, for a while, at all events, you should rest from this kind of work altogether.

INCOGNAN.—As a fact, woman lives longer on the average than man, yet she wears faster and is compelled to have recourse to artificial means to preserve an appearance of maturity, before, as man thinks, that he has passed his prime. We need not go far to discover the reason. However much a man's mind may be engaged and harassed during his business hours, when they are ended, he can dismiss his cares from his mind, and in some kind of relaxation, make up for the wear of the day. In the woman's case, it is different—her wear constantly goes on; she has her family duties constantly before her—her first thought in the morning, what is to be her course during the day, her last thought at night, for those of to-morrow.

LEOLINE.—There is no doubt that many of the ideas you express are correct, but they are really due to the altered spirit of the time. In the age of chivalry, valor was looked upon as the brightest quality in a man—at the present time it is money. We cannot say that we regret that the so-called age of chivalry has passed away. We believe that it has been painted in far brighter colors than it really possessed; in fact, with few exceptions, the warlike knights of old were little better than the modern bashi-bazouk. They possessed unlimited power of life and death in their own domains, and there was no appeal against their exactions or their oppressions. Their supposed veneration and respect for the fair sex were more outwardly professed than privately followed. Nor were women in those days allowed the freedom of choice in a husband that they at present enjoy. Contracts of marriage were settled between the parents, and both the young people had to obey.